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THE HUNTER

AND OTHER POEMS,

BY MICAH P. FLINT.

*Son of Rev Timothy Flint, minister at
Lunenburg.
Mass*



BOSTON:
CUMMINGS, HILLIARD, AND COMPANY.

.....
1826.

.....
John G. Scobie, Printer, 68, Washington Street.
.....

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE verses call for that indulgence, which the American public has recently shown itself so ready to accord to native effort, from the circumstance, that they are the production of a very young man, the result of lonely meditations in these woods, in the intervals of preparation for the bar. I anticipate the terrific frown of the critic, as he asks me, if so young, why obtrude yourself on the public? Why not tarry at Jericho, until your beard is grown? To this I reply, I hope with due humility, that I felt the strong, and, as we say here, the 'pushing' impulse, and that I was compelled to this act. I hope, he will at least, allow me a conscience; for, on emptying my budget of common place, I find I could have eked out two such volumes, as the present, with all ease. I hope this announcement of holding back will save me from the withering exclamation, "Ohe jam satis."

(RECAP)

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7-29-42 - Lantry

TO THE HONORABLE JOSIAH S. JOHNSTON,
Senator in Congress, from the State of
LOUISIANA.

DEAR SIR,

THIS little work may possibly be viewed by you with indulgence, and even with interest, in consideration of the peculiar circumstances of its origin. Neither leisure, nor the shade and the books of academic establishments, nor the excitement of literary societies had any share in eliciting it. It was produced in the intervals of the severest studies; and where swamps, alligators, miasm, musquitoes, and the growing of cotton, might seem, to preclude the slightest effort of the muse; and where the ordinary motive to action is, with one hand to fence with death, and with the other to grasp at the rapid accumulation of wealth.

In casting a look from these woods towards the Atlantic regions of my birth, in search of some name, which, according to the good old prescription, I might prefix to these verses, a deep feeling of gratitude for unsolicited kindness towards those, most dear to me, induced me to think of yours. My concern is not with the legislator, and the senator. It is the man, whose name is so gratefully pronounced, as the patron of the orphan, the unfriended and the unknown; whose name is identified with every incipient effort of benevolence, munificence, and

public spirit, in the valley of Red River, whose countenance I would wish to obtain for them.

We may labor abroad, under the stigma of being insensible, and ungrateful—but gratitude dwells every where. Men every where have hearts. One day our tangled forests will have disappeared; our swamps will have been drained; and a valley, intrinsically the most fertile in the world, will no longer generate fevers, and noxious animals. They will have retired to remoter swamps; and this region will be as fair, as it is now fertile; the home of the muse, and the inspiration of song. The name of the man, who sat down in its yet unbroken forests, who grew in the esteem of its inhabitants with its physical and moral improvement, who assisted in planting, and fostering the germ of every thing that savors of order and public spirit in our institutions, will be gratefully recorded by the happier generation of that day. Allow me to add my feeble testimony of gratitude and respect to the concurrent voice of the present, and to say, that I am with sentiments of respect and esteem,

Your humble, obédient servant,

MICAH P. FLINT.

Alexandria, May, 2d, 1826.

INVOCATION.

WITH thee, fair Freedom, to inspire,
 My trembling hand shall wake the Lyre;
 And cold indeed must be my heart,
 If e'en thy song cannot impart
 One transient thrill of thine own fire.
 'Tis not of ruins, once sublime
 But now the crumbling spoils of Time;
 Nor of a sceptered tyrant's crime;
 Nor yet of servile, crouching slaves;
 Who only know to point the graves,
 Where their departed heroes slumber,
 With the same blood still in their veins;
 Who meanly wear a despot's chains,
 And calmly see his throne encumber
 Those fair halls, which once have rung
 With Pæans, which their fathers sung;
 Then starting forth at Freedom's call,
 They nobly staked at once their all.
 'Tis not of towers, the work of years,
 Cemented with a nations tears;
 Nor cities, which a monarch rears,
 As though by magic from the soil,
 Where tens of thousands weep, and toil;
 And where ten times ten thousands die,
 And lend their crumbling earth, to dry
 Some dark morass; for thus on high,

Reared on its piles of human bones
 With earth, once quick, beneath its stones,
 Imperial Petersburg arose.

'Tis not of slavery's countless woes.
 My muse the servile theme disdains.
 She bids me raise my humble strains,
 And sing my native hills and plains ;
 Where Freedom staid her wandering feet ;
 When driven o'er the trackless main ;
 And found a home, a safe retreat ;
 While startled Tyrants strove in vain,
 To quench that day-spring from on high,
 The dawning light of Liberty.

Its glorious sun with rising light
 Has pierced the gloom of Europe's night ;
 And streams along the Eastern skies ;
 From the deep sleep, in which he lies,
 Thy Genius, Man, will soon arise,
 And boldly throw his chains aside.
 Then will the "mighty dead", who died,
 And poured their blood upon his shrine,
 In every age, in every clime,
 Since the bright birth of infant Time,
 Start from the beds, where they recline.
 Then will their deathless spirits smile,
 When, o'er the earth's remotest Isle,
 Their searching glance no slave can see ;
 When all Mankind alike are free.

But stay, my muse, thy soaring wing ;
 Descend, and choose an humbler strain.

Let Pity wake her softest string,
For those, who sleep along the plain.
Ye, that would scorn to drop a tear,
On the devoted Indian's tomb ;
Ye, that unmoved, can calmly hear,
How it hath been his bitter doom,
To fall before that happier race,
Which now hath fixt its dwelling place,
On these wide plains, once all his own,
I envy not your hearts of stone.
I envy not the tranquil rest :
The reason sound, the passions cool,
That lie unruffled in your breast,
Like the glazed surface of the pool,
Where not a sunbeam pierces through.
They are as calm, as icy too.
How soon, upon their native plain,
The stranger's eye will seek in vain,
Nor find the least remaining trace,
To tell of that unhappy race,
Whose thousand tribes once wandered free,
And sought their game from sea to sea.
On the green summit of yon mound,
O'er which, ere while, the forest frowned,
See now the lonely Indian stand,
The sole survivor of his band.
From his retreat, far in the West,
He hath retraced his weary way.
For his lone spirit could not rest,
Unless among his sires he lay.

Once more he casts an earnest gaze
 Upon the scenes of other days,
 And where his native village stood,
 Now sport the children of his foes ;
 Wide spread their fields, where once the wood
 In boundless majesty arose.
 A single tear stands in his eye.
 His bosom heaves ; 'tis the last sigh.
 As, at the goal of his desires,
 He sinks exhausted, and expires.
 Unhappy race ! Ah what must be
 Your thoughts, when glancing o'er the past ?
 What worse than bitterness, to see
 Your scattered tribes receding fast ?
 Or one by one, beneath the wave,
 That westward rolls its tide of life,
 Sinking, to find Oblivion's grave ;
 Yet feel, how fruitless were the strife,
 Which would that coming torrent brave.
 But cease, my muse.—'Tis just, though stern,
 That race o'erwhelmed by race, in turn
 Should pass away.
 And soon, themselves to ruin borne,
 The present, like the past, shall mourn ;
 Like them decay.
 Yet wake again. Thy strains prolong ;
 Strike up once more the silent Lyre,
 A mournful theme demands thy song ;
 The lifeless corse, the funeral pyre ;
 The narrow cell, so dark and lone ;

The nodding plumes, and sable hearse ;
 The storied urn, and chiseled stone ;
 The grave-strewn flowers, the simple verse ;
 And all the varying forms, and rites,
 With which the sorrowing heart delights,
 In pensive tribute, still to shed
 Fond memory's incense o'er the dead.
 And, though as yet thou canst not soar
 Beyond the blue ethereal dome ;
 Nor tell, where kindred spirits roam,
 When all the toils of life are o'er ;
 Yet thou canst spell from sacred lore,
 That he, who wove this wonderful frame,
 And with his finger traced in flame
 The thought of immortality,
 That mystic sign will ne'er deny ;
 Nor doom the heaven-ward hope, he gave,
 To sink forever in the grave.
 Yes ; when this hand at last shall lay,
 As nerveless, as its kindred clay ;
 When vision from this eye hath fled ;
 When on this cheek the worm hath fed ;
 And, when this busy, scheming brain
 Hath turned to senseless dust again,
 The soul herself shall still survive.
 When the still'd heart forgets to strive,
 A deathless spirit, she will burst,
 Immortal from the sleeping dust ;
 And wing her way with rapid flight
 To yon eternal realms of light.

THE HUNTER,

A POEM.



CANTO I.

'THERE is a vale far in the West,
 And silence hovers o'er its breast.
 The track of man is seldom seen
 Upon its yet unsullied green.
 The wild deer fearless roves along ;
 The red bird pours his mellow song ;
 And the gay mock bird from on high
 Repeats, in playful mimicry,
 The varied notes, which all around,
 From twice ten thousand songsters rise :
 When, waked at morn, its groves resound
 Their matin chorus to the skies,
 Its echoes never learned to know
 The cheering voice of chanticleer,
 Or sturdy axeman's measured blow,
 Along the wild wood ringing clear.
 But still they mock the solemn owl,
 And cheat the wolf with mimic howl.
 The cloud capt ridge, that bounds the West,
 Behind it rears a snowy crest,
 Whose evening shadows o'er it rest ;

And often when the morning cloud
 Has wrapt its mantle, like a shroud,
 Around the frowning giant's form
 The radiant sun is glancing warm ;
 And every songster, warbling sweet,
 In that lone valley at his feet.

A winding stream the tribute brings
 Of melting snows and chrystal springs,
 That gush along the mountain's side,
 And mingling there in silence glide
 Beneath green arbours, where the vine,
 The jessamine, and eglantine
 Their varying hues of beauty twine,
 With many a virgin flowret's bloom,
 And fill the air with sweet perfume.

Hard by that stream there whilom stood
 A lonely hut, o'er which the wood
 Spread with its hundred arms on high
 A wild luxuriant canopy.
 And who was he, that hermit grey,
 That thus in loneliness would dwell ?
 Why did he stray thus far away,
 To die in that sequestered dell ?
 His look—his form—his speech—his mien
 Were not of savage mould, I ween ;
 Nor yet of that dull heavy kind,
 That mark so well the common mind.
 But such, as chain the wondering eye,

Though none can tell the reason why.
 Oft would his broken accents tell,
 As half unconsciously they fell,
 • Of joys and griefs, of hopes and fears,
 Now lost amid the wreck of years ;
 Of love by blood and murder crost ;
 Of home and friends forever lost ;
 And then, as though his very grief
 Weré linked with something like relief,
 A bitter smile was seen to play
 Across his deeply—furrowed cheek,
 And, ere the eye its cause might seek,
 Like evening meteors flit away.

His rugged dress and scanty fare
 Claimed but a passing moment's care.
 The earth supplied his simple feast.
 He stripped his garment from the beast ;
 Not from the tribes of nature mild,
 But the fierce tyrants of the wild.
 It was his wont o'er hill and dale
 To wander forth the livelong day ;
 'Till, by the star of evening pale,
 He turned to trace his homeward way.
 But his was not the sordid toil
 Of those, that range the valley wide,
 Or climb the mountain's grassy side,
 To rend from life their furry spoil.
 The browsing doe would raise her head,
 When startled by his passing tread,

Would gaze perchance, with wondering eye ;
 But had not learned to fear, and fly ;
 For often, when he chanced to hear
 The bleating of the captive deer,
 His ready shot would quell its foe,
 And lay the tyrant panther low.

His hut though reared in simplest form,
 Still served to bar the wintry storm ,
 And all within, still seemed to be
 In Nature's wild simplicity ;
 For years had o'er it rolled away,
 And brought no change, save slow decay.
 The sear leaves gathered as they fell,
 The pliant skin above them spread,
 Were joined to form the simple bed,
 That might not shame so rude a cell.
 Its frame was twined of the lithe willow,
 And placed beneath his aged head,
 The mountain-moss was made his pillow,—
 His rifle, like a cheris'd friend,
 Was guarded with the nicest care ;
 No rust was left to canker there ;
 But still it shone, as bright and fair,
 Could still as true its missile send,
 As when at first it cleft the air,
 And drank the life-blood of a fiend.

A stranger youth with wandering feet
 Had pierced at length that wild retreat.
 It boots not now to ask, or tell,

Why he had bade a long farewell
 To distant friends ? why left a home
 Amid those pathless wilds to roam ?
 For those, who never felt the glow,
 That warmed his young, aspiring breast,
 Might deem the thrill, they never know,
 A frantic feeling at the best.
 They might not prize that nobler mind,
 Which, cast in nature's mightiest mould,
 Leaves toils and dangers all behind ;
 And in the thirst for knowledge bold,
 Nature's broad path delights to scan
 In wilds, untrodden yet by man ;
 Where virgin plants their leaves unfold ;
 Where unknown warblers tune their song ;
 And un-named rivers roll along ;
 From nameless mountains to behold
 Plain after plain beneath them rolled ;
 Where, since the birth of infant Time,
 In silent boundlessness sublime
 Nature hath reared her awful throne,
 And reigned majestic, and alone.

To scenes like these, where Nature reigns
 In triumph o'er her wide domains,
 She lures her sons, a chosen few,
 And spreads her virgin realms to view ;
 In every clime she cheers the ranger ;
 'Twas the approving smile, she gave,
 That bade th' unwearied Nuttall brave

A thousand scenes of toil and danger,
 That led Mackenzie on his way
 O'er everlasting snows, that lay
 Far in the North—to taste the wave,
 On shores, that Arctic Oceans lave.
 From her too Wilson learned the art
 With mimic birds to mock the sight,
 'Till fancy almost sees them start;
 To track the wild-fowl's wintry wing,
 And trace him in his annual flight
 To regions of perennial spring.
 And thou Michaux, with genial hand
 To aid her in the work sublime,
 And teach the fruits of every clime
 To meet and grace thy native land.

That wanderer, too, was such an one
 As scorned Art's faint and feeble blaze;
 And sought to bend his eagle gaze
 On Nature's bright, unclouded sun;
 Whose beams for him had power to dress
 In smiles, a lonely wilderness.
 Ere long, with soft persuasive art,
 He won the forest hermit's heart;
 And with a kind and filial care
 Had learned to smile away Despair;
 For at his smile the demon fled;
 The rising storm was lulled to rest,
 And peace once more began to shed
 Its gleams of sunshine o'er that breast.

And oft the hermit in his turn
Would rouse the stranger's wild romance,
And teach his youthful pulse to dance
With tales that made his bosom burn.
Thus days and weeks unnoted passed,
And each seemed fleeter than the last.
Still would the youth delighted hear
The toils and scenes of many a year;
And still the aged wanderer trace
His pilgrim course from place to place.
The Sire of streams his feet had tracked
From sea to mountain cataract;
Had traced each to its parent spring,
And seen a thousand rivers bring
The far-fetched tribute which they gave,
To swell that broad majestic wave.
And he had scaled those hills, which stand
The sport of Nature's giant hand;
Had braved the storms that lash their breast;
Till far above the Eagle's nest
He stood—and from their peaks of snow
Beheld the Western Ocean flow,
In billowy boundlessness below.
His light canoe had skimmed the breast
Of every Lake that gems the West.
Each had he marked when on the shore
Its billows mocked old Ocean's roar;
And seen those angry waves subside
Till, like a mirror, spreading wide
Its glassy waters mocked the eye

With other clouds—another sky,
 In whose fair depths the bright sun shone
 Reflected from his noon-day throne.

On themes like these he loved to dwell,
 For still they made his bosom swell ;
 Still from his eye a transient beam
 Shone, like the taper's parting gleam ;
 And told, that age with all its snow
 Had chilled—not quenched the fires below.
 And there are few free hearts, I deem,
 That would not warm on such a theme.
 That land—where freedom first unfurled
 Her banner o'er a new-found world ;
 From whence, she held her conquering way,
 Till Chili's mountains own'd her sway ;
 Till she hath fixed her steadfast throne
 In climes that stretch from Zone to Zone.
 That land—where in his strength, once more
 The Genius of mankind arose,
 And like the unshorn Sampson, tore
 The fetters of his tyrant foes ;
 Then hurled oppression from his seat,
 Cast his proud sceptre and his chain,
 Like trophies at fair Freedom's feet,
 And sent him howling o'er the main.
 Yes, fairest land !—thy name shall shine
 Bright in the annals of mankind ;
 And every blood-stained field of thine
 Shall be an altar, at whose shrine

Far coming pilgrims still shall find
 The thanks of grateful millions rise,
 In sweetest incense to the skies.
 'Tis not the number of the slain,
 Whose mouldering earth manures the plain ;
 Nor yet its depth of crimson stain ;
 Nor e'en the valour of despair,
 That stamps the seal of glory there.
 Her brightest halo still is spread
 Around the sleeping patriot's bed,
 Who nobly fell, and found a grave
 Beneath the soil, he died to save.

Fronting the hermit's lowly door,
 And scarce removed an arrow's flight,
 There rose an aged sycamore,
 Whose stately trunk and towering height
 For many a year had braved the gale,
 And stood, in all its gathered might,
 The sylvan monarch of the vale.
 Its shade had been his loved retreat
 Through many a sultry summer's heat.
 There had he nursed each starting vine,
 And learned their tendrils how to twine,
 Until their summer foliage spread
 An arch of verdure o'er his head.
 There had he placed full many a flower,
 Whose beauty graced the rustic bower ;
 Where with the stranger at his side
 He whiled away, the livelong day ;

Nor clos'd his tale at eventide.
 In truth, a fairer lovelier seat*
 Imagination never drew,
 When, tracing out some wild retreat
 For fairy elves at eve to meet,
 And gambol in the falling dew.
 The crystal streamlet stealing by,
 The pendent flowers along its brink,
 Which, seen by Fancy's playful eye,
 Seemed bending from their stems to drink
 Its stainless wave—or else, perchance,
 As in a mirror, to behold,
 With beauty's self approving glance,
 Their swelling petals proudly rolled
 In rainbow hues and tints of gold.
 The open forest, spreading wide,
 Where not a single shrub appeared,
 Where nature's hand itself had reared
 A temple worthy of her pride ;
 Whose thousand aisles were paved with green ;
 Whose giant colonnades were crowned
 With verdant dome, that swelled between,
 And spread one broad impervious screen
 O'er all that consecrated ground.
 All these by Nature's hand, arrayed
 In Beauty's wild fantastic dress,
 Combined to make that lowly glade
 The very home of loveliness.

* See Note 1.

It was a summer's cloudless morn,
 The sun himself, but newly born,
 Just o'er the mountain's summit hung,
 And from a brow serenely bright
 Along the open forest flung
 A radiant flood of morning light,
 Which, through its thousand alleys playing,
 Drest the green turf in orient pearl,
 The clouds were seen, in mid air laying,
 Wreathed in many a snowy curl;
 Around was heard the vocal throng,
 And far amid the vaulted sky
 The lark's sweet song, floating along, -
 Like some unearthly melody.

'Twas such a day, and such an hour,
 When from beneath his favorite bower
 The hoary huntsman thus began.
 Child of my age, to live with thee
 Still would I stretch my lengthen'd span;
 But Fate forbids, it may not be;
 Then listen to the promised tale
 Of my young days, while time yet spares;
 Ere mind and strength together fail,
 And life's dim taper, waxing pale,
 Be quench'd in darkness unawares.

Thrice twenty years have almost fled,
 And cast their snows upon this head.
 Each, as it wheeled its varied round,
 Has cloth'd the trees, and strewn the ground

With foliage. These eyes have seen
 Thrice twenty Springs, arrayed in green ;
 As often Autumn, robed in brown ;
 As many times have braved the frown
 Of chilling Winter. All are past,
 And this fair Summer blooms the last.
 I need not fear the wintry storm ;
 For soon this frail decaying form
 Will sink to rest, and I shall be
 From griefs and storms forever free.
 This grief-worn cheek will hardly show
 The kindred tides, which in it flow
 Unsullied, as within thine own.
 Yet once it was as fresh and fair ;
 And every drop, that mantled there,
 In youth's unblemished brightness shone.
 But many a summer's sun has spread
 Its tints of brown upon that red ;
 Each youthful line, which once it graced,
 Time hath forever swept away ;
 And Grief with busy fingers traced
 An answering furrow, where it lay.
 There was a time, when in this breast
 Meek-eyed Compassion loved to dwell :
 When other's woes my heart distressed ;
 When in this eye the tear would swell
 With almost woman's mildness ;
 But Love and Hope forever fled ;
 And in their place Revenge arose ;
 For that I fought ; for that I bled,

Exulting o'er my fallen foes
 With all the tiger's wildness.
 I even felt a dreadful joy,
 To find, that rage my heart was searing ;
 Pity I deemed a poor alloy ;
 And smiled to see it disappearing.
 And soon my mind was like the throne,
 On which a jealous tyrant sways ;
 One gloomy Passion reigned alone
 Amid the wreck of other days.
 E'en that, chilled with increasing age,
 Methinks, has almost ceased to rage.
 I cannot smile, as once I could,
 To think upon those scenes of blood,
 In which I bore so deep a share ;
 And, if its fountains were not dry,
 Once more a tear might dim this eye,
 And this right hand delight to spare.

From thee my native accents fall,
 Like music, on this weary ear ;
 Its magic sounds the scenes recall
 Of many a long forgotten year
 Of childish days, whose visions seem
 The fleeting remnants of a dream,
 Which waking memory cannot trace.
 Methinks there was a smiling face,
 Which o'er my pillow fondly bent ;
 Then came no more. 'Tis all in vain.
 I cannot trace those scenes again ;

Their days unnoted came, and went.
 Years must have passed ; though in their flight
 They left no trace of Time behind ;
 That ruthless monarch trode so light,
 His very footprints left my mind ;
 It were as easy now to find
 The arrow's path along the sky ;
 To point the birth-place of the wind ;
 Or see its form when posting by.
 My next remembrance still is faint,
 Like rainbows, which the moonbeams paint ;
 When some dark cloud reflects her ray ;
 'Tis of a long, long tedious way,
 Where indistinct the scenes appear
 Of forests dark, of mountains drear ;
 And then, as 'twere a pleasing dream,
 Of sailing on a lovely stream ;
 Then, brighter and more deeply traced,
 Are scenes, which years have not effaced ;
 And, strange to tell, each faded hue
 Seems brighter than 'twas wont to do.
 It must be, that life's latest spark
 Is brightening, ere it leave all dark ;
 And then, though Memory grows more clear,
 And throws a splendor o'er the past ;
 'Twill, like the lightning's brief career,
 Be quenched in deeper gloom at last.
 For thus the setting sun's last ray
 In brighter hues will robe each cloud,
 Than when along the path of day

His glorious car triumphant ploughed
The fields of ether in its way.

But well I remember the day,
When our tents were first pitched in the wild ;
That sky, so unclouded and gay,
Where the sun from the firmament smiled ;
Those columns, all moss-grown and grey,
With their cones of luxuriance piled ;
The smoke that so wantonly curled,
As it rose from the forest on high ;
Till it lay, like a banner unfurled,
On the deep azure ground of the sky ;
And the echoes, so loudly that rung,
As though starting at first from repose ;
When his carol the wood-cutter sung,
And the forest reechoed his blows ;
And, when I look back on the scene,
From the shore, on whose brink I now stand,
Half a century rolling between,
'Tis as fair, as his dear native land
By the storm beaten mariner seen,
When it rears its dark outline of blue
From the wide waste of waters to view.
It were tedious for me now to tell,
How the forest was sunk by our blows ;
One by one, how its grey giants fell ;
Or how quick the rude cabins arose ;
For the children of Enterprize reared
Her rude temples along the dark wild ;

Till at length the young village appeared,
 And around it the wilderness smiled.
 But why on those days should I dwell ?
 They have joined with the years that are past ;
 Their fairy walled castles all fell,
 And left me a victim at last.

When first, by proud Oppression driven,
 Our infant Land appealed to Heaven,
 And, in the face of all her foes,
 In full and free defiance rose ;
 The Apalachian rampart stood
 A giant guard from savage strife ;
 For it had staid the mighty flood,
 That westward rolls its tide of life ;
 Till Boone with bold adventurous tread
 Beyond its mountain barriers prest,
 And saw a richer landscape spread
 In the broad valley of the West.
 Fiction had lent her magic hand,
 To paint that second Fairy land ;
 For it was drawn a clime, as fair
 As youthful Fancy's brightest dream ;
 And all, who heard, might justly deem
 Another Eden blooming there.
 While, compassed round with every joy,
 And tasting bliss without alloy,
 My father heard the wondrous tale
 With but a cold and careless ear ;
 But, when those joys were dead and sear,

When all within was dark and drear,
 He turned to that sequestered vale ;
 And there he found, at least in thought,
 The very refuge, that he sought.

Remembrance brings up even now
 That father's sad and mournful smile ;
 Methinks, I see his pallid brow,
 His faded cheek, his keen black eye,
 That turned on me so wistfully,
 And moistened with a tear the while ;
 For nought had banished from his mind
 A grief, too fondly cherished there ;
 In vain his feet had pierced the wild ;
 In vain the virgin landscape smiled ;
 The charm, that once had made them fair,
 Was in the grave he left behind.

Ere yet his hand had written man,
 The gentle sway of love began ;
 And in the generous glow of youth
 He wooed, and won, a kindred breast.
 It was a tie of mutual truth ;
 And theirs a lot supremely blest ;
 There was no scene on earth, or skies,
 But caught from Love a brighter charm ;
 It made his own paternal farm
 Seem, like another Paradise ;
 From thence, as erst from Eden rose
 The morning song of one fond pair ;

And, when o'er wearied Nature's rest
 They saw the grey eyed Even close
 Her shadowy curtains round the West,
 Their mingling souls went up in prayer.
 And, closer yet their hearts to twine,
 An infant crowned their wedded joy.
 But oh ! it was a star malign,
 That rose to guide that luckless boy ;
 For ere his little lips had learned
 To lisp a mother's tender name,
 The grave had her fond heart inurned,
 And death forever quenched its flame.
 And, though upon his opening youth
 Delusive Hope a moment smiled,
 Though Love with transient bliss beguiled,
 'Twas but a mockery of the truth,
 Like fairy dreams, from which men waken,
 Houseless, friendless, and forsaken.
 He seemed by some mysterious fate
 To have been singled from his kind
 For Fortune, like a Fury blind,
 To scourge with unrelenting hate.
 I am that victim—On this brow
 Is graved the sentence, that hung o'er me ;
 For Time alone could never plough
 Recording furrows, such as now
 Proclaimed the settled hate, she bore me.

Words are too poor, too cold to paint
 The anguish of my father's heart ;

To call it sorrow, were too faint;
 For such a word would not impart
 The overwhelming weight of woe,
 That nature almost faltered under;
 Those, who have felt, alone can know,
 How sharp the pang, how rude the blow,
 When kindred hearts are torn asunder.
 It went not forth in frantic grief;
 But settled down in joyless gloom.
 The future promised no relief;
 Its hopes were buried in the tomb;
 And but for one unsevered tie,
 That bound his weary soul to earth,
 Mine would have been the destiny
 Of orphans, almost from my birth.
 It was for me, that he forsook
 The hallowed turf, that wrapped her clay;
 And after one last lingering look,
 Once and forever, burst away.

By his paternal guidance taught,
 I learned from earliest youth to prize
 Those garnered stores of patient thought,
 By Learning's thousand sages brought,
 And treasured up for studious eyes.
 Nature I saw, while yet a child,
 In all her wild luxuriance drest,
 And learned to love her presence best,
 When in her loneliness she smiled;
 For 'tis a pleasure even now,

To seat me on the mountain's brow,
 And cast my eyes o'er verdant plains,
 Stretching beyond their farthest ken,
 Where yet primeval silence reigns
 Unbroken by the voice of men.
 I love to see the mighty band
 Of wandering Buffalo ;* 'tis grand
 To hear their twice ten thousand feet
 Thundering across the distant plain ;
 Or see their hundred leaders meet,
 And struggle for the palm in vain.
 I love to see the wild deer play
 Fearless along the flowery green ;
 Or crop the tender growth of May
 Beneath the forest's shadowy screen ;
 And should the lonely hunter chance
 To meet their wild enquiring glance,
 Snuff the free air, and hie away
 To where his steps are never seen.
 And, when I've seen the feathered bands
 Careering on the wintry storm,
 Seeking a home in distant lands,
 With fairer skies and suns more warm,
 I've thought 'twas hard, I could not rise,
 And leave the chilling winds behind ;
 O'er the wide world at freedom roam,
 Making the elements my home ;
 And bearing through its varied skies
 All, that I prized among my kind.

* See Note 2.

Our youthful days are fair, but fleeting ;
 For they pass away, like morning dreams ;
 And, when with downward step retreating,
 From the vale of years we turn, youth seems
 A far, far distant, sunny spot,
 Through which we passed, but tarried not.
 Well may I deem my young days bright ;
 They left no pang to mark their flight ;
 No wild and feverish joys—But stay ;
 A frown hath marred the face of day ;
 The winds are mustering darkly now ;
 And, o'er yon mountain's sullen brow
 The tempest hangs in many a fold
 Of cloud on cloud majestic rolled.
 Seek we our hut ; its roof still spreads
 A friendly covert o'er our heads ;
 And, sheltered there, we'll sit, and hear
 The whirlwind in its mad career ;
 Or, from amid the caverned cloud,
 The Thunder's deep, and awful voice,
 As monarch-like, he will rejoice
 To hear the tempest piping loud.

The end of the first Canto.

THE HUNTER,

A POEM.



CANTO II.

THE storm had passed, but not in wrath,
 For ruin had not marked its path,
 O'er that sweet vale, where now was seen
 A bluer sky, and brighter green.
 There was a milder azure spread
 Around the distant mountain's head ;
 And every hue of that fair bow,
 Whose beauteous arch had risen there,
 Now sunk beneath a brighter glow,
 And melted into ambient air.
 The tempest, which had just gone by,
 Still hung along the Eastern sky,
 And threatened, as it rolled away.
 The birds from every dripping spray,
 Were pouring forth their joyous mirth.
 The torrent with its waters brown,
 From rock to rock came rushing down ;
 While, from among the smoking hills,
 The voices of a thousand rills
 Were heard, exulting at its birth.

A breeze came whispering through the wood,
 And, from its thousand tresses, shook
 The big round drops, that trembling stood,
 Like pearls, in every leafy nook.
 When on a turf of richest green,
 Which spread around his cabin door,
 O'er-arched with boughs, that joined to screen
 The dwelling of the lonely man,
 That Hermit sat ; and thus once more
 The story of his life began.

Eighteen years my youth had numbered ;
 While as yet each passion slumbered ;
 And my bosom lay at rest,
 Like the glassy floor of Ocean,
 Ere the winds have chaf'd its breast ;
 And, like that, its wild commotion,
 When the whirlwind o'er it swept,
 Waking to convulsive motion,
 Feelings, that before had slept.
 Then first I saw that angel form,
 On memory's tablets graven yet.
 Then first I felt my bosom warm
 With feelings, I shall ne'er forget.
 For, like an arrow, tipt with flame,
 The burning dart of passion came ;
 And lighted up within my breast
 A quenchless fire, which neither tears
 Nor toils, nor sorrows, nor repose,
 Nor summer suns, nor wintry snows,

Nor yet the rolling tide of years,
Or aught, save death, can charm to rest.

Here, ever pressed to this fond heart,
Hath lain her lovely counterpart.
Gaze on that portrait ; wouldst thou deem
A form so fair of heavenly birth ?
Or, that the poet's wildest dream,
Had thus embodied, graced this earth ?
Gaze, though I almost envy thee,
That, yet undimmed, thine eye can see
Her imaged charms, and, singly, trace
Each feature of that lovely face ;
For mine, when young, was dimmed with tears ;
Now by the gathering film of years ;
And soon with life its feeble sight
Will sink at once in rayless night.

Oh! could I reach the hallowed spot,
Where, mouldering in the cold, cold grave,
She yields to earth the dust it gave ;
I would not ask a happier lot,
Than there once more to join my bride,
And sweetly slumber at her side.
But Oh ! it may not, cannot be,
That we should meet, and mingle thus ;
Nor will I mourn ; for earth to us,
To all, is but one cemetery ;
And if at last, in union sweet,
Our disembodied spirits meet,

What reck's it then, that realms divide
 The sleeping bridegroom from the bride ?
 And yet, methinks, if spirits know
 Aught of their joys, or griefs below ;
 If, when they leave the senseless clay,
 Its memories too are borne away,
 They still will love to linger near
 The spot, whose scenes in life were dear.
 If so, by glance of gifted seer,
 Full often, when the summer moon
 Is riding, at her silent noon,
 My pensive shade will here be seen,
 To rove along the quiet green.
 While one fair form, perchance, may glide,
 A kindred shadow, at my side.
 But I have wandered from my theme ;
 For that loved relic brought again
 The changes of life's feverish dream,
 With much of joy, but more of pain.
 And, if I pause a moment now,
 'Tis but to claim one little boon.
 I would not, that the fierce wild blast
 Should on this worn out body feast.
 Then swear, and death will soon, full soon,
 Absolve thee from thy pious vow,
 By every hope, that man holds dear,
 That thou wilt grace my lowly bier ;
 And lay at last beneath the soil
 This wasted wreck of grief and toil.

And let this cherished semblance rest
E'en there upon my faithful breast.

Oh ! she was lovely ; but I felt,
That beauty was but half the spell.
In every line expression dwelt ;
In every feature spoke so well,
That, ere the half formed accent fell,
The listener had already caught
The pictured image of her thought.
'Twas not those locks of jetty black,
Which, from her polished brow thrown back,
And round her neck at random flung,
In many a wanton ringlet hung.
'Twas not that neck of snowy white.
'Twas not that eye of liquid light,
Half veiled beneath its long dark fringe ;
Nor yet that cheek, whose rosy tinge
Might vie with every hue of even.
It was the look, so free from guile ;
The modest blush ; the playful smile,
That seemed to breathe an air of heaven.
'Twas charms, like these, that won my soul
And still preserved their high controul ;
Though to the stranger's eye, perchance,
Her brow had seemed undimmed and bright ;
And her almost dissolving glance
The index of a soul's delight.
Yet there were times, when her dark eye
Would tell the tale of days gone by.

She seemed, like a soft garden flower,
 Transplanted from its native bed
 To some wild heath, where every shower
 Beat on its unprotected head,
 Dimming its radiance. Yet the eye,
 That saw the lovely stranger there,
 Bowed by the storm, and yet so fair,
 Might know, how every brilliant hue
 Had brightened in the orient dew,
 And sunny bed, where first it grew.
 For, ere transplanted to the wild,
 She had been Fortune's favoured child ;
 Nor known, nor felt the primal curse.
 Plenty had been her smiling nurse.
 And she was blessed with youth and health ;
 And all the golden stores of wealth.
 But Fortune's smile became a frown,
 And all those treasures melted down,
 Until her luckless sire
 Beheld the wreck of all his toil,
 And saw his little home the spoil
 Of unrelenting fire.
 Thus stripped at once, deprived of all ;
 His proud soul could not brook the fall,
 Nor could he bear the heartless gaze
 Of men, on whom in happier days
 His gifts were showered with bounteous hand.
 He turned, and left his native land ;
 And brought, to grace that desert wild,
 His tender wife, and beauteous child.

Oh ! I shall ne'er forget the time,
 When first we met. 'Twas a sweet eve,
 Such, as bright days are wont to leave,
 Ere yet the spring has reached her prime.
 The freshness of the softened air
 Still told, that winter had been there,
 Though all around, the starting green,
 And vernal songster's merry cheer
 Proclaimed to heart, and eye, and ear,
 The presence of the flower-crowned Queen.
 The spot, too, though by bards unsung,
 Had not disgraced their softest lay ;
 And robed in all the charms of May,
 Might well have vied with that sweet vale,
 In which, while yet fair Greece was young,
 The Lyre to golden numbers rung,
 And lovelorn shepherd heard his tale
 Reeched by the nightingale.
 It was a valley, down whose slope
 A streamlet poured its full spring tide,
 With gentle swells on either side,
 Slow rising to their distant cope ;
 By Nature planted with that tree,*
 Whose generous veins, when pierced for use,
 Pour forth their rich, nectareous juice,
 Like Patriot life-blood, rich, though free.
 Its new sprung, red, sharp-pointed leaves,
 Almost the first, that Flora weaves,
 Already twinkling in the blast,

* The Sugar Tree.

Proclaimed "the season"* almost past ;
 When on that eve, that vale along,
 The joyous shout the merry song,
 The laugh of age, and youthful glee
 Rung out the forest jubilee.

A hundred fires were blazing bright ;
 And by their wild, yet cheerful light,
 The magic scene was all displayed.
 A table stretched from shade to shade,
 Fresh smoking with its rude repast,
 And grouped in converse, here, and there,
 Were seen the men, whose hoary hair
 Told, that the fire of youth had past.
 There, too, in neatest garb arrayed,
 Of many a happy youth and maid.
 Some sat retired, to say, and hear
 Things, only meant for love's own ear.
 While others turned with conscious glance,
 To join the merry-footed dance.
 There, too, around the blazing fires,
 O'er which the bubbling cauldrons boiled,
 The slave, alternate, danced and toiled ;
 Now sung the rude song of his sires ;
 Though on his ear its wild sounds rung,
 Like accents from a foreign tongue.
 Now with his little ladle dipped
 The liquid sweet, and slowly sipped,
 As though he lingered on the taste.

* See Note 3.

And now with skill, and nicest care,
 Drew off the thick, and grainy paste,
 To form its chrystals in the air.
 All hearts were glad ; all faces gay.
 There was no strife, no rude alloy ;
 Such, as in this degenerate day,
 Will rise, to mar the common joy.
 To Fancy's eye it might have seemed,
 As though the golden days of yore
 Had circled back to earth once more ;
 And brought again that guileless mirth,
 Which bards have sung, and sages dreamed
 In bright reversion yet for earth.

There, with her father arm in arm,
 Slow sauntering mid the happy throng,
 The beauteous Emma passed along,
 Like some bright angel, sent to charm
 All hearts, and eyes—We met, and Oh !
 The love-struck heart alone can know,
 How my rapt eye, with gaze intent,
 Was on that lovely vision bent ;
 Or how hope, admiration, fear,
 Alternate rising, came, and went,
 While her sweet voice thrilled on my ear.
 The sire I had already known ;
 For it had chanced, short time before,
 That, near my father's cabin door,
 From frightened horse he had been thrown ;
 And though his brief, yet welcome stay,

Was not so much, as one short day,
 With grateful thanks he now repaid
 Our sheltering roof, and timely aid.
 We sauntered from the crowd apart ;
 And all untaught in love, or art,
 I was confused, I knew not why,
 Whene'er I met from her dark eye
 A glance, that seemed to read my heart ;
 Or, if she spoke, could scarce reply ;
 Though feelings, which I could not hide,
 Still chained me to the father's side.
 At length, by converse grown more bold,
 Of many a venturous feat I told,
 By woodsmen done, and sought to praise
 Their peaceful life, and guileless ways.
 That she was pleased, I may not say ;
 Though still she smiled, and seemed to hear,
 With not an inattentive ear.
 So swift the moments passed away,
 That I knew not the lapse of time ;
 Until the cock, with clarion shrill,
 Rung out once more his midnight chime ;
 And from behind the distant hill
 The lagging moon began to climb.
 And then I started with a sigh,
 To find the parting moment nigh.
 Too soon it came—for, though I prest
 Our nigher roof, their need of rest,
 And then their pathway, long, and lone,
 They still were fixt, to reach their own ;

And left the scene—while yet the song,
 And joyous laugh, that crowned the tale,
 Were heard, rescheing loud, and long,
 From many a group along the vale.

It had been rumored darkly round,
 That savage footsteps had once more
 Amid their long-lost haunts been found.
 For, though that strife had long been o'er
 By which, baptized in blood and flame,
 That infant land had borne the name
 And been indeed "The Bloody Ground ;"
 Yet still, along its scatter'd van,
 Full many a powerful tribe had dwelt,
 Whose chiefs, convened by mystic belt,
 Around their common council fires
 Had met once more, in dark divan,
 And by the oath, that none might break,
 Had sworn to turn and not forsake
 The hallowed spot, where slept their sires.

Though I have cursed these cruel deeds,
 Though, struck by their avenging hate,
 E'en now my heart in sorrow bleeds ;
 Yet there are times, when I could mourn,
 To think, how down one dark tide borne,
 Their tribes have found a common fate.

Oft had I heard, while yet a child,
 The venturous deeds, and daring wild,

Of Ticamou, their far famed spy.
 But little deemed ; on that bright eve,
 That such dark fiend was lurking nigh ;
 Or that his keen, and watchful eye
 Had seen that single pair take leave.

Thick-coming fancies, flitting fast,
 Like dreams across my troubled brain,
 Unfitted me, to turn again,
 And mingle with the joyous throng.
 I sauntered heedlessly along
 The path, by which they had just past ;
 Now sadly musing, now in hope ;
 The moon still poured her level beam
 Along the open-wooded slope ;
 And lighted up with silvery gleam
 The trembling dew drops, till they laid,
 Like pearls on every grassy blade.
 Soon I had reached the topmost hill,
 Where, save a loud and joyous shout,
 Which, ever and anon, rung out,
 The very air seemed hushed, and still.
 And, lured by some mysterious spell,
 I still passed on, till on my ear
 Its distant murmurs fainter fell,
 And even that I ceased to hear.
 And still I mused, as is the wont
 Of those, who dream a waking dream.
 Till, from a thicket far in front,
 I heard a quick, and piercing scream.

At first I paused with sudden start ;
 As though a shaft had reached my heart.
 Then sprang away in full career,
 Like frightened horse or stricken deer.
 'Twas but a moment ere I found
 The sire outstretched upon the ground ;
 All bloody, senseless, and alone.
 But, ere my eye had time to mark,
 If his breast were heaving yet with breath,
 Or if the brow, so pale, and stark,
 Were stamped with the changeless seal of death,
 My ear had caught the distant sound
 Of a half suppressed groan.
 My heart could not mistake the tone.
 I sprang away, with frantic bound,
 O'er streamlet bed, and sloping mound,
 And many a huge trunk, strewn around,
 By the whirlwind overthrown.
 And soon I saw, by the moon's dim light,
 A prostrate form, arrayed in white,
 That chilled my heart ; for it seemed, as it laid,
 Half seen by the light, half veiled by the shade,
 Like a shrouded corse, whose feverish strife
 Had passed away, with its parting life.
 I paused at the sight, with sudden start ;
 And an ice-bolt seemed to reach my heart ;
 And well for me that pause of dread ;
 Since another step had been my last.
 For, with an aim unerring cast,
 The gleaming hatchet whirling past,

On its vengeful mission sped.
 In an instant more his erring knife
 Had slightly grazed along my side.
 While we were clasped in deadly strife,
 And the blood, with which my own was dyed,
 Was ebbing forth my foe's life.
 As I felt his slackening arms unclasp,
 I rose, unharmed from their powerless grasp,
 And knelt in hope o'er that fair form,
 Which, though unconscious, yet was warm.
 But why prolong? Though dear to me,
 The tale on other ears may tire.
 It was my happy lot to see
 Her live, and meet a thankful sire.
 And Oh! my heart, canst thou forget,
 How she repaid the grateful debt,
 And crowned thee with a priceless gem;
 Compared with which, the blazing zone,
 That fronts the monarch's diadem,
 Were but a paltry mass of stone?
 She gave her heart the mighty prize,
 Which I had freely died to earn;
 And nobly scorned all vain disguise.
 I loved; and I was loved in turn.
 I need not tell, how day by day,
 That dream celestial passed away.
 Or how, by stream, by fount, and bower,
 Love still entwined his rosy chain;
 And closer linked at every hour.

Hearts, that were doomed by some dread power,
To meet, and love, and part again.

I scarce can tell, how long I wooed,
For joyous hours were on the wing.
Bright summer past ; and autumn mild ;
And fur-clad winter, fierce and rude,
Led on once more his blooming child,
The young and rosy-bosomed spring.

By day, by night, on hill, or plain,
Whate'er my task, where'er I go,
In dreams, awake, in joy, or woe,
I fondly trace those scenes again ;
For they are memory's hoarded store,
And, miser-like, she counts them o'er.
Yes, though, perchance, my words may seem
The ravings of a maniac's dream ;
Yet sooner, than that death should blot
From my life's page that one bright spot,
I'd live again ; though doomed to bear
Its griefs, its sorrows, its despair ;
Its pangs, its disappointments, tears,
And all the wide, wide waste of years,
That spread in retrospection there.

Oh ! we were happy—We were blest.
The joyous day was drawing near,
In which, with names, and ties more dear,
To crown with joy each faithful breast.

And, when at eve that day before,
 In all the flush of hope we parted,
 I little deemed, that ere the sun
 His morrow's journey had begun,
 That dream of bliss would all be o'er,
 And I left lone and broken-hearted.

Time had but soothed my father's woes ;
 Though, since he left his native land,
 Success had crowned his venturous hand.
 Our first rude hut had passed away ;
 And in its place, with aspect gay,
 A statelier mansion now arose ;
 And kindred friends had come to share
 A life of peace, and plenty there.

Lured from his door at dead of night,
 My father found too late for flight,
 The savage snare around him thrown.
 His death-shot rang. Wild rose their yell ;
 As, bleeding at his door, he fell,
 And there expired without a groan.
 And Oh ! his was the happier lot ;
 For, sealed in death, his eye saw not
 The fiends, who, o'er his bleeding corpse,
 Unmoved by pity, or remorse,
 Rushed madly on ; saw not the stain,
 Drawn from the sleeping infant's vein,
 And mother's side ; that mingling gore,
 With which their hands were crimsoned o'er ;

His ear heard not the shrieks that rose ;
 But found, too soon, a fatal close ;
 As murdering hatchets cleft each head ;
 And in mid-cry their spirits fled.
 Those piercing shrieks had forced their way
 Even to the dwelling, where I lay.
 Aroused I came ; but came too late,
 For aught, save to deplore their fate.
 And yet too soon ; for I could see
 The flush of dying agony
 Yet fresh upon each well-known face
 As from a friendly hiding-place,
 That scene of horror I surveyed.
 My soul was frantic at the view ;
 And there I would have fallen too ;
 But that one lingering thought forbade.
 I still might save that dearer life
 Than mine ; my bride, almost my wife,
 She still might live ; might need my aid.

I would have fled, and was dismayed,
 When from the cries, which wildly rose,
 I found myself begirt with foes.
 Breathless I stood ; and screened from sight,
 On those within I gazed once more ;
 And by the newly kindled light,
 That gleamed along the blood-stained floor,
 I saw, with hellish neatness made,
 Of bodies on each other laid,
 A pyramid—where, placed below

Lay, side by side, the wife, and sire ;
 Children arose with shortening row ;
 And two twin infants crowned the pyre,
 Around which, joining, hand and hand,
 Were ranged the leaders of the band.

With gestures wild the dance began.
 While, round and round, the war-whoop ran.
 And, as the firelight on them gleamed,
 The eye, that saw them, might have deemed
 The fiends of hell unchained once more ;
 For, stained with mingled paint and gore,
 Their frantic features rather wore
 The look of demons, than of man.

They stopped ; were silent ; and each ear
 Intensely fixed, seemed strained to hear
 The sounds, which on their riot broke.
 It was the bugle, sounding clear,
 O'er sleeping forest, far and near,
 Whose clarion tones in triumph spoke.
 The slumbering echoes, all awoke ;
 On their lone hills each caught the strain,
 And sang its cheering notes again.
 How often, when the frail stockade
 Scarce kept the savage foe at bay ;
 When their fierce grasp seemed almost laid
 Upon their long expected prey,
 Those joyous notes at length arose,
 Loud o'er the forest's sullen moan,

And stilled the shouts of angry foes,
 When every earthly hope seemed flown.
 Those cheering sounds renewed the weak ;
 Reclothed in smiles each pallid cheek,
 By toil, and famine rendered pale.
 Joy danced in every haggard eye ;
 As, posting on the winged gale,
 The hardy woodsmen's signal cry,
 And bugle notes proclaimed them nigh. *Many*

But all too late the woodsmen came.
 For, ere they came, the foe had fled ;
 And, for a beacon, left the flame,
 Which on our burning mansions fed ;
 And, like a fiery pall, o'erspread
 The mangled bodies of the dead.
 Though all too late, to yield relief,
 Their deepest indignation rose ;
 They staid not ; save with questions brief ;
 To seek the footsteps of their foes ;
 Then rushed along the recent path ;
 Like bloodhounds on the yet warm scent
 In silence breathing, as they went,
 Their vows of blood-avenging wrath.
 Suspense had winged my feet, for ere
 Their gathering cry I ceased to hear,
 Beside the embers, which alone
 Remained, to mark the much loved spot,
 My Emma's home, where I had known
 The purest joy of mortal's lot,

I stood. A feeble light still shone
 From smouldering fragments half consumed.
 Fanned by the breeze, that dying blaze
 Rose for a moment, and illumed
 The dreadful scene that met my gaze.
 Those friends, from whom, at closing eve,
 With hope elate, I took my leave ;
 Her noble sire, to whose kind breast,
 My joyous bosom had been prest ;
 Who joined our hands, and fondly blest
 Our youthful love—and Oh ! despair !
 Methought, my Emma too was there—
 I saw their bones by the bright flashes
 Of that red, and flickering light,
 Distinguished from the still warm ashes
 By their pale, sepulchral white.

And, when the last sad rites were paid
 By pitying friends, who gathered round ;
 When, in their narrow mansions laid,
 Those bones reposed beneath the ground ;
 O'er home, so cherished, friends so dear,
 Methought, to weep had soothed my pain.
 But grief had scorched, had seared my brain ;
 I could not shed a single tear.

Our sires were sleeping, side by side ;
 Their kindred all around them lay.
 But where was she, my promised bride ?
 Had she escaped, or borne away

A captive, was she doomed to hide
 Such matchless charms, and be the prey
 Of some rude chieftain's lust, and pride ?
 It was a wild, and fearful thought ;
 And with it came both hope, and fear,
 As all around, in vain I sought
 The relicks of a form so dear.

Ere long from one, who on that night
 A captive, too, was borne away,
 And now had scaped the foe by flight,
 I learned that Emma lived ; that they,
 Confiding in their banded might,
 In all the pride of triumph lay
 Along the stream, whose cliff-bound shore
 Had been their favorite haunt of yore.

Touched by my wrongs, and my despair,
 A little band of gallant friends
 Around me met. In their own lair
 To seek that host of savage fiends,
 And open-handed, crush them there,
 With force so small, 'twere vain to dare ;
 But we might hope to hover nigh
 The distant vale, in which they lay ;
 And still elude their watchful eye ;
 Till favoring chance should point the way,
 By stealth, or strife, to pierce their den,
 And win my captive bride again.
 But now I tire ; and thou mayest hear

Another time, with readier ear,
 What yet remains of my sad tale.
 Meanwhile I'll slumber, 'till 'tis time
 On evening hant yon hills to climb;
 Or range, perchance, along the vale.
 The Hermit paused; his mantle spread;
 And stretched him on his leafy bed.
 The youth still sat; and his keen eye
 Now seemed to fix on vacancy;
 As though 'twere chained, in thought intent;
 And now, with kindling glance, 'twas bent
 On the green earth, that spread below;
 Or on the far, blue line of hills,
 Whose sunbright summits clad in snow,
 Still nursed a thousand murmuring rills;
 And now, as though 'twould soar on high,
 It seemed to rove along the sky;
 Where, stooping from his noon-day throne,
 The sun, in full-orbed splendour, shone;
 And poured, with yet unsoftened ray,
 One bright, unclouded blaze of day.
 Soft swelled on high the blue serene,
 On which but one light cloud was seen;
 A single cloud, a passing stain,
 Upon that blue, ethereal plain,
 That seemed, like a shrouded spirit of air,
 Floating along in loneliness there.

The end of the second Canto.

THE HUNTER,

A POEM.



CANTO III.

The moon shone bright, and her silvery light,
Through the forest aisles was glancing,
And with mimic beam, on the rippling stream
A thousand stars were dancing.
No noise was heard, save the night's lone bird,
From his dark and dreary dwelling ;
Or the distant crash, of some aged ash,
Which the axe of time was felling.
That Hermit sage, and the son of his age,
Their chase with the twilight closing,
Now sat once more, by the rude cabin door,
From their evening toils reposing,
When the lonely man, thus again began ;
Might I close these eyes from which slumber flies,
And an hour from oblivion borrow,
'Tis yet too soon, and yon pale cold moon
Better fits with my tale of sorrow,
Than the garish rays, of the noonday blaze,
When the sun shall be up, on the morrow.

I said, my party was but small,
 But they were brave, and gallant men,
 Who, if they might with honour fall,
 Had recked but little, where, or when.
 From hill we left, at set of sun,
 We all had marked with eager eye
 The distant camp-smoke, rising dun,
 And now, that through the silent sky,
 The moon had half her journey run,
 We deemed that camp already nigh.
 Had I been calm, a scene, so bright,
 Had filled my bosom with delight.
 But then the moon, that rode on high,
 The silence in that starry sky,
 The deathlike stillness, far and near,
 In which, to quick and watchful ear,
 The telltale echoes might betray
 The secret of our cautious way,
 To me seemed things, so rife with fear,
 That it had joyed me then, to hear
 The tempest burst in all its wrath,
 Upon the silence of our path.

At length, a red and dusky light,
 Far glimmering through the forest, came
 And flickering now, now rising bright,
 We saw the watchfire's ruddy flame.
 Here all the rest their ambush kept,
 While like the panther tow'rd his prey,
 In silent breathlessness I crept ;

Still passing, in my venturous way,
 Where many a brawny warrior slept ;
 Until, by some kind angel led,
 I reached the tent, and mossy bed
 On which the sobbing Emma lay.
 " 'Tis thine own Henry. Hush ! a breath
 " Betrays us both to instant death.
 A sudden start, checked to a shiver,
 The thrill of joys electric quiver,
 Told, that the ear of love had heard ;
 And marked each hardly whispered word.
 " Away ! speak not ! but follow me.
 " I perish now, or thou art free.
 But still she moved not. " I am bound."
 Though scarcely breathed, I heard the sound.
 With trusty knife, but trembling hand,
 I sought, and severed each vile band ;
 With touch, that thrilled, though soft,
 Home to my heart, that hand I felt,
 For whose least pressure, I so oft
 In youthful adoration knelt.
 Not now, as then with timid clasp ;
 But with a strong, confiding grasp.

Like churchyard sprites, we stole away ;
 Whose steps, nor sounds, nor marks betray.
 Still pausing oft, with wily care,
 If aught disturbed the breathless air ;
 Or if, as though from troubled sleep,
 Some warrior turned with waking throat ;

A moment stirred ; then, sighing deep,
 Seemed lost once more in still repose.
 The watchfires past, I breathed once more,
 And deemed the danger almost o'er ;
 When, starting from his careless doze,
 The warrior sentinel arose,
 And cast a searching glance around,
 As though, to catch the slightest sound,
 That might confirm to waking ear,
 What startled slumber seemed to hear.
 Soon of that search he seemed to tire ;
 Or else he scorned such idle fear,
 For, turning round, he roused his fire ;
 Awhile, athwart its lurid red,
 Stalked back and forth, with sullen tread ;
 'Till, shamed such useless watch to keep,
 He laid him down, and sunk asleep.

Though brief that warriors waking start,
 Its moments seemed drawn out to years ;
 And, while they passed, my beating heart
 Told off by throbs an age of fears.
 But, thanks to that projecting shade,
 Beneath whose friendly gloom we laid ;
 That peril, too, was safely passed.
 Again we held our noiseless way ;
 And, scarcely more relieved than they,
 Rejoined our anxious friends at last.
 It was no time for vows, or thanks ;
 While yet so near the brink of fate.

Brief was the whispered low debate,
 Ere formed once more in silent ranks,
 O'er hill and dale, with swiftest tread,
 And homeward-pointing feet, we fled.
 With breathless speed we hurried on,
 'Till all the weary night was gone.
 And, when we saw the morning light,
 First trembling on the eastern skies,
 We hailed once more the cheering sight,
 And saw with joy its beams arise.
 At first, its faint and sickly hue
 Seemed, like the pallid smile of woe,
 Stealing across the night's dark brow;
 Then, kindling with a brighter glow,
 It veiled in light each glittering gem,
 That hung in her bright diadem;
 And still the tide of light increased,
 Rolling along the crimsoned east;
 'Till o'er each hill the sun was seen,
 Glancing athwart the forests green;
 And, smiling till the dewy earth,
 And blushing skies looked bright, and gay.
 While from the groves, with joyous mirth,
 Each songster hailed the new born day.

But soon that light our souls dismayed,
 Showing in front a boundless plain,
 Whose farthest verge we sought in vain,
 And o'er whose wastes our pathway laid,
 While not a friendly shrub arose,

To screen us from pursuing foes.
 We paused once more, in brief debate ;
 Then turned, to seek, ere yet too late,
 Some sheltering cave, from which at night
 We might again resume our flight.
 As though to woo us on to fate,
 We found, ere long, a gloomy dell,
 By vines and thickets screened so well,
 That even we, but for one eye,
 Had passed the spot unheeded by.

'Twas a deep glen, *enclosed around
 With jutting cliffs, on every side,
 Save one ; and there a streamlet wound
 Adown the crags. Its chrystal tide,
 Leaping from rock to rock, was seen,
 Till lost on high, beneath the green,
 That marked its slow and silent course,
 From that dark cavern to its source.
 The rocks, worn by its ceaseless flow,
 Formed a rude staircase down the steep,
 To where the stony floor below,
 Pierced with a fissure broad, and deep,
 Received the murmuring stream that fell ;
 Which, borne by subterraneous drain,
 Poured forth its limpid floods again,
 From many a bubbling fount to well,
 Across the green enameled plain.
 One by one, with cautious tread

* See Note 4.

Descending in the streamlet's bed,
Our little band had joined once more,
Upon that damp and stony floor ;
Where, save the half suppressed breath,
The throb of loudly beating heart,
The quick-drawn sigh, or sudden start,
A silence reigned, like that of death.
The time-dissevered branch, that fell,
The breathing west wind's gentlest swell,
That whispered round that wild retreat,
In that dread pause was rife with fear ;
And seemed in every startled ear,
The distant rush of many feet.

At length there came a fearful sound ;
Such as precedes a whirlwind's birth.
Or like the rush of winds unbound,
In the dark caverns of the earth.
Far distant, hollow, deep, profound,
It seemed to rise from under ground.
But soon approaching, we could hear
The tread of horsemen, passing near.
It seemed to sink beyond the hill ;
And for a moment all was still.
But soon there rose a dreadful yell,
Around that cavern's bushy brink,
And half our number bleeding fell,
Ere they had time to speak, or think.
And still the rifles sharply rang ;
And still the whistling bullets sang ;

Still, one by one, my comrades dropt ;
'Till all our band, save five, were slain.
And when that din of death had stopt,
Their shouts of triumph rose again,
As, rushing down the narrow path,
With headlong speed, and burning wrath,
Their best and bravest foremost came.
Four perished, like the stag, at bay ;
And I, too, would have done the same ;
But from her shelter Emma sprung,
And round my neck her arms were flung
With wild embrace. I heard her cry,
' Now strike ! 'tis mercy, here to die.'
I heard the murdering hatchet fall ;
I felt her quivering arms unclasp ;
And on her features saw the gasp
Of death. The rest is darkness all.
My frightened spirit kindly fled,
And left me senseless, as the dead.
Too soon alas ! my life returned,
I could have cursed the starting blood,
And to its fountains backward turned,
In every vein, the ebbing flood.
Oh ! 'tis an easy thing to die,
Compared with what, I suffered then ;
When, on my slowly opening eye,
I saw her's fixed with glassy stare ;
For she was lying on my breast ;
Her purple lips to mine were prest ;
Her icy arms enwrapped me round.

But oh ! what horror seized my mind,
 When struggling to get free, I found
 Our limbs with many a thong entwined ;
 The 'live and dead together bound !

With all the remnant of my strength,
 I strove to burst those fatal bands ;
 And struggled long ; but ceased at length ;
 As, all in vain, I writhed my hands,
 And felt the warm blood trickling fresh,
 From where the thongs had pierced my flesh ;
 While thus my limbs I madly wrung,
 My Emma's face from mine was flung,
 And, listless, o'er my shoulder hung ;
 Her cheek, which life so lately flushed,
 As its warm currents madly rushed,
 When prest to mine, was prest there still ;
 Not now, with love's entrancing thrill,
 But with death's cold and icy chill.

My eyes alone were unconfined.
 Those cruel foes had left them free ;
 For mercy would have struck me blind,
 Their deep revenge left me to see.
 And then I saw, alas ! too well,
 That I was left to die alone.
 My friends were lying where they fell,
 As breathless, as their beds of stone.
 And I, as powerless, could not die ;
 I could not stop the rising breath.

In vain I closed my anguished eye ;
 In vain I wished for speedy death.
 My throbbing heart would not be still ;
 Nor could my prayers and wishes kill ;
 For I was doomed to linger there ;
 Till life should slowly ebb away ;
 While hunger, thirst, and dark despair
 Exulted o'er their helpless prey.

The noon-day sun now rode on high,
 Pouring direct his burning rays ;
 And seemed, like Nature's piercing eye,
 Fixing on all his eagle gaze.
 That radiant flood of dazzling light,
 Had almost quenched my feeble sight.
 But, rolling on his glorious way,
 Across my little sky he rode ;
 And, though unseen, with oblique ray,
 Still lighted up my dread abode.
 I watched the scarcely moving shade,
 Steal slowly up the rugged wall ;
 And saw the glimmering twilight fade,
 And felt the dews of evening fall.

With lingering pace the night crept on,
 In silence ; save the owl's cry,
 Which, rising ever and anon,
 Hailed her slow march along the sky,
 'Till half the weary hours were gone ;
 And then I heard the angry howl

Of wolves, upon their midnight prowl.
 It was a dreadful sound, to hear
 Their measured gallop, drawing near ;
 And their wild yell of fierce delight,
 When, from the cavern's circling height,
 They caught its heavy tainted air ;
 And snuffed the scent of carnage there.

I heard their light, and active tread,
 Breaking the streamlet's steady flow ;
 And, when they reached our stony bed,
 I heard them round me growling low,
 With greedy rage ; and when that ceased,
 With furious haste begin the feast.
 They would have torn the lifeless form,
 Which fiends had bound upon my breast.
 They would have torn my own, still warm ;
 Perchance, have deemed it sweetest, best ;
 But, with a cry of wild affright,
 Which might have roused the sleeping dead,
 I filled the hollow vault of night
 With sounds so fearful, and so dread,
 That even they, astonished, fled.

And when once more the sun returned,
 With raging thirst my bosom burned.
 The throbbing blood, with feverish heat,
 Ran thrilling wildly through my frame,
 And through each vein as madly beat,
 As though its proper seat were left ;

Of every cooling drop bereft,
 A prey to fierce, consuming flame.
 It made my torment keener still,
 To hear the gently murmuring rill,
 Gurgling along its rocky bed ;
 And see its cool, transparent tide
 In curling ripples gayly glide,
 So very, very near my head.

How swift the joyous hours take wing,
 When their bright pinions only bring
 The rainbow tints of hope and pleasure,
 Rosy health, and dreams of mirth.
 But oh ! the creeping snail is fleet,
 Compared with time, when his dark feet
 In pain steal round the dial measure ;
 For sickness clogs the swift winged hours ;
 And sorrow's tears, like falling showers,
 Weigh down their dripping plumes to earth.

Thus weary moments turned to hours ;
 While passing o'er my anguished head ;
 'Till life's almost extinguished powers
 Could only mark their heavy tread,
 By the deep throb of burning pain,
 Each step sent thrilling through my brain.
 The sun, scarce moving, seemed once more
 Arrested in his glorious way :
 As, when the prophet knelt of yore,
 And staid the fervid wheels of day ;

'Till Israel's blood encrimsoned sword,
 The deepest dye of slaughter wore ;
 'Till every stream in Gibeon poured
 Its mingling tides of heathen gore.
 Whole years had seemed to roll away,
 Ere through the portals of the west,
 The King of Glory held his way
 Toward his golden bowers of rest.
 And Time, methought, had staid his flight,
 To slumber through that endless night.

At length, with cool and fragrant breath,
 The rosy morn came tripping by ;
 And smiled away the film of death
 A moment from my languid eye.
 I saw the carrion birds *once more
 Around me met, in dark divan,
 To hold their feast of triumph o'er
 Those tainted wrecks of lordly man.
 Some rode aloft on outspread wing,
 And wheeled in many an airy ring ;
 While others plucked their dainty food
 From those poor, unresisting cheeks ;
 Or, mounting on some dry branch, stood,
 And, satiate, wiped their gory beaks.
 Their sooty pinions seemed to wave,
 Like Death's dark banner, o'er the grave.
 And yet to me they proved as fair,
 As ever fanned the ambient air.
 For, to the woodsman's practised eye,

* See Note 5.

Those raven wings a signal flew ;
 And well, by that dark sign, he knew,
 That murder had been busy nigh.
 At length, by such rude beacon led,
 A band of hardy woodsmen came.
 They found among the mangled dead
 One warm, though then unsentient frame ;
 And roused once more the vital flame,
 Whose last faint spark had almost fled.
 It was, as though some magic charm
 Had fixed once more the fleeting breath ;
 As though some strong, yet unseen arm
 Had torn me from the grasp of death ;
 Had staid the spirit's parting flight ;
 And called it back to life, and light.

I lived ; but I could know no rest,
 While those, I mourned, were unavenged,
 That blow had now forever changed
 The peaceful tenor of my breast.
 Vengeance became my darling theme.
 And well our fierce, and savage foes
 Fulfilled the prophecies, I spoke ;
 By many a sharp, and bloody stroke ;
 Until, as though from startling dream,
 The hardy foresters arose,
 And vowed by every murdered shade,
 To wreak the vengeance, yet unpaid ,
 To seek the serpent in his nest ;
 And sweep from earth their common pest.

First in revenge, as first in wrong,
 I led those rude, but gallant men ;
 'Till, conquered oft, our foes, ere long,
 Were driven to their farthest den ;
 And, but for one unyielding fiend,
 Whose soul nor hopes, nor fears could bend ;
 Their little remnant had been spared.
 It was Minotti ; that dread seer,
 Who, of his tribe alone, had dared
 The wild, unearthly voice to hear,
 Which still, as Indian legends tell,
 In caverned rock, or lonely dell,
 Is whispered in prophetic ear
 By demon spirits, sent from hell.
 He was the chief, whose lust and pride
 Had saved, and borne away my bride,
 A slave, to grace his savage bed ;
 And, who on that dark night had led
 The frantic dance around the dead.
 And if a cheek unblenched, though pale,
 An eye, whose glance death could not quail,
 A fearless look, and brow elate,
 That seemed, to mock the power of fate ;
 If marks, like these, proclaim a soul,
 By nature formed for high control,
 His was the loftier spirit's sway
 O'er those, that love not, yet obey.

It was a wild, and fearful day,
 When round their village in despair,

Like Tigress driven to her lair,
 They turned at last and stood at bay.
 The rifle shot, the dying yell
 Of him, that flitted, ere he fell ;
 The village, wrapped in sheets of flame,
 The piercing shriek of wild despair,
 That fainter still, and fainter came ;
 'Till woman's voice was silent there ;
 And sister, mother, infant, wife,
 Sank on their common funeral pyre,
 Beneath the immolating knife
 Of brother, husband, son or sire.
 All these then rung upon my ear,
 And even yet, methinks I hear
 That last lone chief, whose death song rose
 In full defiance of his foes ;
 When, rushing from the smouldering fires,
 With arms, whose stain of kindred gore
 Proclaimed his dreadful duty o'er
 He, too, rejoined his spirit sires.

Though in its happier, calmer mood,
 My soul had shrunk at sight of blood,
 I felt a thrill of fierce delight,
 To see Minotti's giant form,
 Raging along the foremost fight ;
 And, like the demon of the storm,
 Exulting in his own dark might.
 Yes ; let the cheek-smote saint resign
 His just revenge ; and be forgiving ;

His patient creed was never mine.
 I too forgave ; but first had prest
 My foot upon the lifeless breast
 Of him, whose arm had wronged me living.
 I sought him in the hottest fray ;
 Nor was he one to turn away.
 We struggled long ; for death, or life
 Hung on the issue of that strife.
 At length I rose from that embrace ;
 And pausing stood, and marked his face,
 Where, mingling with the frown of hate,
 A look of proud defiance sate ;
 'Till, with a last, a long drawn breath,
 His knitting brows were fixt in death ;
 And that dark spirit passed away.

Years with their toils had pass'd away,
 Or ere I saw that spot* again.
 And, though the wild to me seems gay,
 While under Nature's virgin reign ;
 I had not craved a single day,
 Had I been doomed, to stay, and bear
 The silent desolation there.
 Low scrubby oaks in patches grew ;
 And, here and there, between them strown,
 Full many a human skull, and bone
 Was bleaching in the nightly dew.
 Here lay a single charred brand,
 Where once the cheerful cabin stood,

* See note 6.

Resounding with the hum of life
 And there, beside the bony hand,
 That oft had dyed its edge in blood,
 The rusty hatchet, or the knife.
 And, in the midst, with ivy twined,
 One sloping rafter yet reclined
 On post, that tottered to its fall,
 Sole relick of the council-hall,
 Beneath whose roof, in high debate,
 Full oft the circling warriors sate ;
 Full oft the parting war-song rung ;
 And conquering chief his triumph sung.

I passed the once smooth trodden green,
 Where youth's bright morn, and manhood's noon
 Had met beneath the summer moon,
 In sportive dance. How changed the scene !
 It seemed fit dwelling for despair,
 For all was cold, and silent there ;
 Save, when with soft, and catlike tread,
 The panther stole among the dead ;
 Or from the skull, in which he slept,
 The scaly adder slowly crept ;
 And gathered up his huge, round coil,
 To wait in ambush for his spoil.

Men scarcely mark their slow decay,
 While, dropping, one by one, away ;
 Or passion driven, little heed

How many writhe, how many bleed,
 For lust, revenge, ambition, power.
 But, who can mark without dismay,
 In gentler mood, and happier hour,
 The spot, on which the victims lay,
 When his own hand hath darkly swept
 Its thousands from the face of day ?
 I passed along that desert glade ;
 And sated Vengeance almost wept,
 To see the wreck, itself had made.

Most of my wanderings thou hast heard ;
 Heard, too, the base ungrateful plan,
 That drove me from my fellow man.
 For guilt I never had incurred ;
 And how, at length, my weary feet
 Found out this wild, yet peaceful seat,
 Where I had thought to live unknown,
 Until at last, in tranquil rest,
 I sank on earth's maternal breast,
 Unseen, unsoothed, unwept, alone.

He paused ; for now the star-crowned night
 Sate throned once more, in silent noon ;
 And, slowly broadening on the sight,
 Low in the west the cold, round moon
 Hung o'er the mountains silvery breast ;
 'Till pillowed on its hoary snows,
 She seemed herself, to seek repose,
 And, mid its summit, sank to rest.

And now each sought his mossy bed,
Where soon, before their closing eyes,
Soft waving visions seemed to rise ;
Then all in sweet oblivion fled.

CONCLUSION.

How slept that lone valley, embosomed in hills ;
 When its robes were all green, and its fountains all
 rills ;

For it smiles, even now, under Autumn's blue sky,
 When those robes are all brown, and those fountains
 all dry.

That Hermit hath gone to his last narrow cell ;
 And his bosom at length has forgotten to swell ;
 The couch where he slept, is all crusted with mould ;
 And the fire on his hearth is extinguished, and cold.

And Echo no more from the mountains blue van
 Mocks the speech-weaving voice, or the footstep of
 man.

But she sleeps undisturbed in her moss-covered grot,
 By the sound of the axe, or the far rifle shot.

The streamlet hath shrunk from its full summer tide ;
 And the forest is doffing its mantle of pride .
 And its red leaves twirl in the wind's lightest breath ;
 But the eye they had saddened, is sealed up in death.

The green brier's tendrils already have twined [ed.
 Round the wild woven bower, where so oft he reclin-
 Its flowers have all witheréd ; its vines are all bare ;
 And the wild beast in triumph hath made it his lair.

His hut is a ruin, with ivy o'ergrown, [strown ;
 Where the red leaves of Autumn unheeded are [creep
 And the wild myrtles spring, and entwine, as they
 O'er the grave, where he sunk with his sorrows asleep.

He sleeps at the foot of his favorite tree ;
 And its ivy-twined trunk is as lifeless, as he. [pride,
 For the lightning came down on the strength of its
 And in full summer bloom it was blasted, and died.

The picture, he prized, round his neck is still tied ;
 And his rifle is turning to rust at his side ;
 His belt is wrapped round him ; his horn at its place ;
 And he lies, like a hunter, all girt for the chase.

And long o'er his breast may the green myrtle wave,
 For the stranger, that buried, that wept o'er his grave,
 To a far distant land, like the wild fowl, hath flown,
 And left him to sleep in the desert alone.

The end of the Hunter.

NOTES TO THE HUNTER.

Note 1. The bottoms, or alluvial grounds, which skirt the western streams, are often entirely free from underbrush. In such, the perfect carpet of verdure, the impervious roof of dark green foliage above, and the trunks of the trees, rising like gigantic columns, every where twined with a wreathing of ivy of indescribable richness, and sometimes fifty, or sixty feet without a single branch, together form a scene of solitary grandeur and beauty, which to be comprehended, must have been seen.

Note 2. Buffalo, generally denominated 'Bison'. They are seen in the vast prairies, two hundred leagues west of the Mississippi, in bands of thousands. When man crosses their track, the keenness of scent with which providence has so wonderfully endowed gregarious wild animals, enables them to ascertain his approach at a surprising distance. Some of the "big bulls" whom the herd follow, and who are generally advanced, as leaders of the band, raise a peculiar snort, at which the whole band start away, with a trampling, which is terrific, and not unlike thunder.

Note 3. In the spring of 1817 I saw in Kentucky a sugar-camp, of which I have here attempted a

faithful description. The sugar-tree is, next to the *Tulipifera Liriodendron*, the most splendid of the northern American forest. This camp was graced with the presence of the young and beautiful wife of an opulent planter. She was overseeing, and directing the operations, performed by a number of black servants. It was in the evening; and the numerous fires, the opening verdure of spring, the beautiful maple forest, its buds just beginning to swell, the gaiety and songs of the blacks, the presence of some young ladies and gentlemen, the amenity of the landscape, and the valley, as partially illuminated by these fires, united to render the scene, as it is impressed upon my memory, one of Arcadian freshness, and beauty.

Note 4: These elliptical basins, in the common phrase of the country sink-holes, abound every where in the regions of the Mississippi. They are usually found in that kind of country, denominated barrens. I have seen hundreds. They are generally very regular in shape; for the most part elliptical; but sometimes irregularly square, and from twenty to sixty feet deep, wearing the aspect of gigantic wells in the desert. There is usually a fringe of trees, and shrub around the brink; and a spring is almost always seen trickling through the crevices of limestone, at the bottom. The people have whimsical and appropriate systems, by which they account, each in his own way, for these singular appearances. Some make them the result of earthquakes. Some the huge wells of former races, that have passed away.

Not far from Peoria Lake on the Illinois, during the late war, an affair not unlike this, "*mutatis mutandis*" actually occurred between a party of American Rangers, and hostile Indians.

Note 5. Carrion Vultures, in the vernacular phrase, Turkey Buzzards, abound every where, in the valley of the Ohio and Mississippi. They are seen scaling in the air, or seated on the trees by hundreds in every direction; especially on the lower courses of the Mississippi and Red-river, and are, no doubt, a part of the wise arrangement of Providence, to remove the carcasses of wild, and tame animals, fishes and birds, that fall in the wilderness. They are privileged by public opinion from injury; and are so tame, that you may kill them with a stick, when sitting around their prey. The boatmen have a cant phrase of calling them 'Turkeys with a family name.' At a little distance they are often mistaken for that fowl.

To the experienced eye their mode of flying, and alighting indicates, with unerring certainty the presence of carrion, and whoever has seen them congregated by hundreds, some busily employed, and wiping their bills above their horrid repast, will be able to judge if this picture be true to nature.

Note 6. In march 1818, I passed, west of the Mississippi, at Apple creek, in Missouri, three Indian villages, inhabited by Shawnees, and Delawares. The

scites were delightfully romantic, circular and verdant eminences, towering above an ocean of woods, that was boundless to vision. The squaws were carrying water for the morning operations of cookery. The smoke of their cabins undulated above them.—The dogs barked. The horses were feeding quietly in the vicinity. The naked children were shooting arrows. The warriors were fixing their rifles; and the chiefs were sitting, apparently, in reverie, on a bench at the upper end of the village. The numerous peach-trees about the village were in full blossom. The next year, by an arrangement of the government, they emigrated to the sources of White river. I passed these villages the spring after their desertion. No words could paint the contrast of loneliness, and desolation. The picture will never be erased from my memory.

End of the Notes to the Hunter.

SOROTAPHION.

I sing the funeral Urn ; and while I frame
 My dark speech on the harp, sustain me Thou
 Who, travelling in the greatness of thy strength,
 Wilt find the deepest chambers of the tomb ;
 Emancipate the sleeping tenant ; pour
 Rejuvenescence o'er his mouldering bones ;
 And thrill again his conscious heart with joy.

The earth itself is one vast funeral pyre.
 Its dark and vegetable mould, perhaps,
 Once glowed with life. The vernal foliage,
 That rustles in the breeze was sentient flesh ;
 The ambrosial flowers, that store the pearly drops
 Of dew, which trickle from their cups at morn,
 Rolled tear-drops once adown the pallid cheek.

Stern King of terrors! Thou hast plied thy scythe
 For years, and ages. Summer fields before
 Thy path stand fresh with grass, and flowers. All flesh
 Is grass. Thou stridest grimly on, well pleased,
 Pale, but untired ; heeding not the sands,
 Still running from thy glass. At morn,
 At noon, at eve, and while the twinkling stars
 Run on their silent courses, mowing still.
 Fatigue, or pause, or rest thou knowest not.

Nor heepest groans, nor tears, nor shrinking spasm ;
 Frames, crippled, and time-worn by fourscore years ;
 The bridegroom, to the nuptial bed in joy
 Hieing in haste ; the purple-cinctured king,
 The wailing infant in its mother's arms,
 Prostrate behind thee, wither in thy path.
 When the last tear is shed, the heaving breast
 Is stilled and nature's bitter tribute paid
 To the last mite, the varying funeral rites,
 In which we mourning render dust to dust,
 And lay the ruin in its clay cold bed,
 These are my theme ; and when my dirge is poured
 Awhile, I, too, shall follow to that silent bourne.

The sable cloud of memory rises dark
 Upon my mind, as I recall the scenes
 Of agony, the place where parting life
 Was laid, the chilly drops of death, that rose
 Upon the glassy forehead, seen so oft
 By me. Intent, how deeply have I watched
 The silent tear, the stealing footstep o'er
 The darkened room, and drew laboriously
 My breath, to hear the sinking victim pant.
 And I have marked his eye, as some dear friend
 Was haply bending o'er his bed. Thou Rock
 Of ages ! Draw my soul to thee. That hour
 Thou only canst illumine, and sustain.
 The very stillness, which succeeds this strife
 Of woe, falls heavy on the startled ear.
 Fondly we look, to see the marbled breast
 Heave painfully again ; the arms extend ;

The deep-sunk hollows fill their urns anew.
 We shrink, to see the livid stain of death
 Beneath the down of manhood, on the cheek.
 Monition sad, that we must bear away
 The corpse from sight, a tribute to the worm.
 Then grossly feeds the worm, and rank, on flesh ;
 And fills his sinuous and writhing folds
 From bones, with marrow moistened. Come, oh Pride!
 And view thy kindred in the narrow house.

Oh ! count the pebbles on the sea worn shore ;
 The summer forest leaves, the blades of grass
 On the green earth, the countless millions tell
 Of men, my fellows, who have shrunk, recoiled,
 Ransacked the earth and sea, and tortured
 The elements, to medicate, to bribe away
 The grisly King. All, all have vanquished fallen.
 The shivering sigh, the last deep groan is past,
 Remaining only on the startled ear
 Of memory. O'er their earthly bed is drawn
 The curtain of Eternity, again
 At the great coming day to be upraised.
 My race, I grant, is selfish ; cursed love
 Of gold hath turned the heart to iron ; bronzed
 The brow ; concentred thought, and hung desire,
 All on the present moment's grating hinge.
 We pass, and are forgotten. O'er the scene
 Move other pageants, passing like the clouds.
 But all are not past feeling ; nor absorbed
 With the low cares of this poor, passing hour.
 The thousand varying rites, devised to show

The pensive thought, that lingers with the dead ;
 The pencil's power, to catch the lineaments,
 Ere death has chased the roses from the cheek ;
 The mimic chisel's art, the embalmer's skill,
 The breathing marble, and the fair formed Urn,
 The pendent willow, drooping o'er the tomb,
 The silken funeral piece, wrought by the hand
 Of youthful mourner, who has sketched herself,
 As weeping o'er the Urn with covered eye,
 Evince, that some think on beyond the hour
 Of sight ; evince, that some feed lonely thought
 Deep treasured in the cells of memory ;
 That some live on the past ; that some recall
 The shadowy visions of the things, that were ;
 And, when the setting stars invite to sleep,
 Waking, remember even to pain, the joys,
 Mournful and pleasant, which return no more.
 Sisters of memory ! teach me, how to laud
 Him, who first spread the canvass for his hues ;
 His pencil steeped in love, and from the warm,
 And living tablets of the heart transferred
 The pictured vision, 'till in fancy's eye
 It glows with life, and speaks again, though dead ;
 And fondly looks ; and smiles, as it was wont,
 When, fellow pilgrims, still we trod the road
 Of this sad life. I traverse, deep in thought
 The storied hall, where from their walls they look,
 The ancestors, with solemn dignity
 Upon the race, which rises in their stead.
 Oh ! it recalls the mind desultory

From low pursuits, and thoughts. The sacred chain
Which links the present with the past, is formed.
The deeds and generations, that are gone,
Sail o'er the mind, like clouds. Then swells the heart,
With generous emulation, and the soul
Is energized to all its holiest powers.

All wish to live beyond the narrow sphere,
The hours between the cradle and the grave.
The soul with its own immortality
Instinctive, soars beyond the crumbling clay
At times; but still returns with fond regret,
To linger near the hallowed spot, its place
Of final rest.

There are, who proudly call
These feelings weakness. With the generous sage,
Who drank the hemlock, they disdain regard
To aught, so passing, as this dying frame.
But, Nature, thou hast written thy behest
Deep in the heart; nor would these sages choose,
When life had left the frail abode of flesh,
To have it vaulted in the central depths,
A thousand fathoms underneath the soil
Of the incumbent earth. The thought would weigh
Like mountains. Instinct prompts the common wish,
With rites of prayer, and hopes of happier worlds,
To have our relics carried to the tomb.
On all, but this, the race has differed. Truth
And charity have bled. But this has been
The common feeling of all time. All lands,
Beneath the spreading cope of heaven, have laved

The hallowed dust with tears ; and still have held,
As sacred ground, the city of the dead.

I love the solemn partnership of death ;
The social range of tombs behind the church ;
Where they, coevals at the sacred fount,
Together vowed, and prayed, and hoped for heaven ;
Together sleep ; together wait the joyous hour
Of morn, and general rising. This repose
Of friends, who rest in hope, is doubly sweet.
Nor is this mournful theme to me, as some
Would deem, ungracious, grating, full of fear
And sorrow. Children weakly close their eyes,
Through fear of hideous phantoms in the night.
And busy fancy breeds a thousand forms
More terrible, than aught they feared. 'Twere wise,
To look our final foe full in the face.

It were a task impossible, to paint
The varying forms of other lands and days,
To robe the body for its final sleep.
In most, like ours, the pure, unspotted white
Has ever been at once the virgin robe
Of innocence, and the pale livery
Of death. Oft have I marked the lifeless corse,
Its straitened limbs in snow-white garb arrayed,
And o'er its still, cold breast the nerveless arms
In meek submission crossed. From out the room
Some mourning bar the cheerful light of day ;
The mystic taper, whose religious light,
Thus seen amid funereal gloom, proclaims,
In type sublime, the never dying flame,

That still burns on, unquenched in death. And some
 With simpler rites the last fond tribute pay ;
 Strew lilies o'er the corse, fresh evergreen,
 And rosemary, and all the flowers of spring.

When earth was young, nor deeply stained with sin,
 For thorns, and thistles, poisonous weeds, and rank,
 Grew cassia, aloes, and myrrh, and spicy drugs,
 Gums, that delay corruption, and retard
 The loathsome change of death. Then they embalmed
 The corse, and sealed for centuries the last
 Expression of the dying face. Egypt, such
 In thy dark catacombs the mummies were.

I wander in these deep, and vaulted labyrinths,
 And hold the faithful thread, to guide my steps
 Through windings infinite. In these domains
 Of death, the bustle of these feverish realms
 Of life dies on my ear ; trembling, I mark
 The flickering rays of my funereal torch,
 Reflected from the shining face of stone.

I start. For once those swathed cones, that rest
 Inverted, tapering downward to a point,
 Their shroud all marked with mystic characters,
 Once walked, with hearts all warm with life, or filled
 With bitter passions, hopes, and fears, like mine.
 And they, who loved them, who embalmed, and took
 This care, and dug these depths, and traced this lore,
 Have come to join them in these silent halls.

I gladly leave these lone and dreary cells.
 I mount to life ; and yonder o'er the plain
 Frown the gigantic pyramids. I mark

Their shadows, lengthened in the setting sun,
 Creating doubt, if these vast piles were reared
 By Him, who framed the everlasting hills ;
 Or toiling myriads of my insect race.
 But soon I trace the work of mortal man ;
 For they are vast, and useless ; reared in pride,
 By geometric rule, and square, to hold
 A corse, whose needed space three steps suffice
 To traverse. How, mysterious piles ! ye shame
 The brief career of man. Here Israel groaned
 In bitter toil and bondage ; cruel task,
 To raise these massive, frowning sepulchres
 For tyrants, that oppressed them. Moses here,
 And Aaron, Zoroaster, and the seers
 Of olden time, have stood, and moralized.
 Here conquerors and sages came, and sighed
 O'er man's brief date. The thoughtful Plato here,
 And Alexander, He, that burned all lore,
 Except the Korans fabled page, and he . [crowns ;
 Whose play-thing toys were kingdoms, Rings, and
 'Till, in a lonely isle, in depths of sea,
 And chained to a rock, he learned himself.
 The earth, the ashes, e'en the bones of those,
 Who reared these mounds stupendous, to the winds
 Are all dispersed. Nought, but a thought remains.
 That thought is man's brief space, and boundless pride,
 There is a transcript of the Eternal mind ;
 A grand, enduring chart historic of the things,
 That have been, and shall be, the mystic fates
 Of man. In its deep, thrilling, simple strain,

The lengthened note of mourning for the dead
 Swells on my ear, like Philomel's sad song.
 They search the corse of Moses, borne away
 By hand divine, and hid on lonely hill,
 Where blind idolatry may seek in vain.
 I list the converse of the man of God,
 Abram the seer, and chief of Mamre's plains,
 In solemn bargain with the sons of Heth,
 To buy Macpelah's cave, his burial ground ;
 The adjoining grove, with all its glorious palms ;
 That when, retiring from their deep, cool shade,
 And his paternal sceptre, he might find,
 With all his race, a common place of rest.
 A deep string vibrates in the heart, to read
 Of Joseph, dying in the distant plains
 Of Goshen. Thoughts of his far, native hills
 Come o'er his mind. He asks the unbroken oath,
 And makes his brethren swear, that when they leave
 This land of slaves and strangers, for their free
 And happy home, their heritage, they will
 Convey with them his bones. All wish their bones
 May rest in the paternal, native soil.
 All, like the coursed deer, would double round
 Their track, and spent with toil, sink on their lair,
 And close their eyes, where first they saw the light.

The simple Hindoo wishes his remains
 May float at last adown the sacred flood
 Of Ganges ; where from ever verdant hills
 He sweeps through realms unknown to song,
 By cities, sunk in ruin, bearing on

The corse to Bengal's fertile plains. And they,
 The countless multitudes, that plough the fields
 Of China, seek their final bed with care
 Upon the hoary mountains highest point,
 That in the regions of a purer air,
 And nearer to the high abodes of bliss,
 The soul may take an easier, shorter flight,
 To reach its home. Thy sons, sweet Otaheite,
 A verdant gem in the wild wastes of sea,
 Rearing a race in nature's simplest mould,
 Children in love and truth at four score years,
 Enclose the moral deep with verdant palms,
 And interdict unhallowed access by
 The terrible taboo ; and all the spot
 Is holy ground. Who has not only thrilled
 In boyhood o'er the tale of other days,
 Where the great king still marched his myriads on,
 Chasing the wandering hordes of Scythians
 From grove to grove, o'er Tanais, and the Don ;
 Till, looking back upon the traversed wastes,
 He asked, as in scorn, where they would stand ;
 Reckless of towns and landmarks, nought cared they
 For lock, or latch. Their dwelling was the depth
 Of woods. Their sanctuary in the place,
 Where slept their rustic ancestors, and there [know
 They told him, they would stand ; there he should
 How Scythians used their steel. In lonely thought
 I paused, while wandering in the boundless west,
 To see amidst a spreading waste of flowers,
 Illimitable, as the main, a mound

Rise from the plain, the sad memorial
 Of races, generations, that have left
 Nought but their bones, and these abiding proofs,
 That man, the pilgrim, in all climes desires
 To be remembered, after he is gone ;
 That even here a thought survived the clay ;
 That duteous rites and pious tears were paid,
 A tribute to the dead. Poesy ne'er dreamed
 A sweeter thought, than theirs, to dissipate
 The sombrous dreams, that cluster round the corse,
 Who hang their lifeless infant to the bough
 Of flowering maple, swinging back the branch
 With its pale burden, midst the foliage.
 The red bird pours his requiem above
 The sleeping stranger ; and the winds, meanwhile,
 Rock tenderly this cradle in the air,
 Moaning a lullaby along the woods.

It was a spectacle to stir the heart,
 That once I saw ; an outcast, wandering tribe
 Of those, whom we call savages, compelled
 To migrate to the farthest hills, and springs
 Of Arkansas. Their march was stately, slow,
 And measured. All the vigour of the tribe
 Was in the centre, carrying the bones
 Of their forefathers. Children marched in front.
 The aged in the rear. Deep on their brow
 Sate sad, and sullen thought. 'Twas nought to them.
 What unknown wilds they traversed ; when they found
 A limpid spring, and reared a hallowed mound
 To shroud these sacred bones, that was their home.

I knew a rude, unlettered swain, who dwelt
 On that sweet, flowering prairie, where arise
 Cahokia's mounds. 'Twas in his testament,
 A strange, and idiot charge, which still was proof,
 That 'in our ashes live their wonted fires.'
 He saw the first proud steamboat trace her path
 In foam, against the Mississippi tide.
 The glorious spectacle raised from his eye
 The film of age, and stirred his torpid blood.
 And he foresaw the numbers, that would come
 Behind. He bade them lay him on his grounds,
 Near to that mighty wave; his head erect,
 And raised above the soil, that he might see
 The sweeping pageant passing in its pride.

In lime-stone caverns, traced for many a mile
 Deep in the earth, and where the nitrous air
 Defies corruption's power; the mouldering touch
 Of time; near the dark woods of Tennessee,
 They found, enwrapped in many a gorgeous fold
 Of feather cinctured vestment, bodies still
 Entire, unchanged. Time had not erased
 From their dark copper visage, dried, and seared
 To parchment, that same touch of care, and gloom,
 And melancholy thought, which strongly marks
 The present wanderers in these boundless woods.
 Oft it hath moved or grief, or harsher thought,
 In these far regions of the setting sun,
 To see the burial ground all waste, a range
 For every thoughtless foot, or trampled down
 By grazing herds, or the unhallowed swine.

Ye tenants, near these bramble covered grounds,
 Well may the reckless laugh, that notes the heart
 Insensible, the mouthing curse, the steam
 Of potent drink, rise from your scented haunts
 Of dice and gambling. Haply, ye may scorn
 All, but the grovelling, bestial thought, that dwells
 But on the passing hour. For me, I love
 The consecrated burial ground, enclosed
 With pious care, where pendent willows hang
 Their thousand drooping stems, as though they wept,
 Or through funereal cypress boughs, the breeze,
 Deep toned, breaths hoarse, Eolian notes of wo.

I love to see the pensive orphan plant,
 With pious hands, the verdant box, and all
 The fair and fragrant shrubs, and flowers of spring
 Within the narrow paling. Much I praise
 The sable splendor of the funeral hearse ;
 Its steeds slow waving their black, nodding plumes,
 And all this sad magnificence of wo.
 Blame not, as useless waste, whate'er retards
 The sweeping tide of selfishness ; whate'er
 Enlarges memory's holy range ; extends
 The realm of generous thought. He, pitying, said,
 The Saviour, she hath poured this precious oil,
 A fragrant ointment, for my burial.
 Wealth shows its noblest use, and taste, and art
 Their highest aims, when lavished on the house
 Of death, or temple of the living God.

Oh ! let me pass the lonely hours of night,
 When the pale moon stoops from her azure throne

In thoughtful musing, walking amid the tombs.
 Some are of marble ; beauteous forms, and wrought
 By fancy's chisel on the pale, cold urn,
 Symbols of hope and immortality
 Bear witness, that the tenant rests in hope.

Some rise erect of dark blue stone ; and some
 Of indurated clay. Some, frailer still,
 Are formed of wood, decaying, like the corse.
 Some bear above ascending rays of flame,
 High emblem of the immortal mind, that speeds
 Strait to its source. The circle others bear,
 Clear symbol of eternity. On some
 The skull and bones abhorrent lessons read
 Of that, to which all tend. The Christian's hope
 Is typified on some, by that sweet sign,
 The cross of Him, who bled upon the tree.

I bend me o'er the moss grown stones, and read
 The inscriptions quaint, and simple, with a verse,
 Instructive, from the holy book. The amount
 Says often little more, than that the dead
 Was born one day, and in another died.
 Rapt by the inspirations of the muse
 Of memory, the bard will sometimes weave
 Sweet verse, and plaintive. But the common strain,
 That bids me pause, and heed, that full of life,
 As I am now, so once was he ; as still,
 As he is now, I shall in turn recline,
 Is not without its use ; and better far,
 Than venial unearned praises of the dead,
 Which speak aught, but the truth, fond eulogy,

Which chronicles the honors of a worm.
 Here friends and enemies together lie
 In peace. Here kings and beggars find repose
 On the same pallet. Wise and simple wait,
 Each for the other to disturb the deep,
 Unbroken silence of the tomb. Deep hushed,
 Subsides the storm within my throbbing heart.
 We burn, and envy; toil and grieve for nought;
 Since all so soon must find their level here.

Oh ye! whose bodies sleep profoundly still,
 I ask, in solemn earnestness of soul,
 Where ye have fled? In what far bourn
 Ye dwell? Oh! leave me not, to agonize
 In doubt. Bend from your spheres of bliss,
 Or pain. Recite the journal of your airy flight
 To your eternal home. Learn me, to leave
 My clay-built nest and soar without dismay,
 Beyond the stars; and find your secret place.

Some have believed, that the immortal mind
 Successive, ranges through the scale of life;
 And mounts, or sinks in other forms; the scale
 Adjusted to the character, while here.
 Such shrink with horror from the taste of flesh
 And rather choose, when this short life is past,
 Their flesh should find a living tomb within
 Vultures, or beasts of prey. Their mode of faith
 Was not the common, blind idolatry,
 Who saw the brightest form of Him, who dwells
 In light, in the eternal fire, which, like
 Its archetype, in wrath devours its prey;

Or ministers the vital warmth ; destroys, or saves ;
 Enlightens, purifies, dispells all dross ;
 Removes corruption ; and gives back to all
 The elements their share. Oh ! there are those
 Devoted widows, not like some, who wait,
 Impatient, for the lapse, by rule prescribed,
 When they may tempt another bed ; who mount
 The funeral pile ; and construe the close term
 Of wedded partnership severely strait,
 For better, or for worse ; and calmly lay
 Their head upon the husbands chilly breast ;
 As when the living heart responded back
 To theirs ; and see, unblenching, rise around
 The sheeted flame. And we denounce the deed,
 As heathen suicide. The grosser parts,
 Attenuated, borne aloft, return
 By sympathy, some to the winds, the earth,
 And water ; while the disengaged mind
 Forth from the trembling vapour soars away,
 To join its kindred mind, in union sweet.

One common instinct marks our race ; the dread,
 Lest our remains, unburied, and unblest
 Should lie, and moulder on the surface ; proof,
 That the Great Moulder kneaded up our clay ;
 And with one purple fluid tempered it.
 How deep this feeling lies within the heart,
 We learn in boyhood, pondering deeply o'er
 The wild, but pleasant dreams of Greece and Rome.
 To want the pious, final covering
 Of earth, was deemed the last calamity ;

More dread, than death, or Stygian lake beyond.
 The shades of those unburied, suppliant beg
 One boon, a little dust thrown o'er their corse ;
 And fondly think, that boon denied, the Styx
 Cannot be crost, until an hundred years
 Of penance, wandering round its dismal shores,
 Shall purchase passport o'er its sluggish tide.

Oft have I heard the sacramental oath
 Of rough and savage boatmen, making terms
 To toil adown our sickly, dangerous wave ;
 When, paired in coupled partnership, they swear,
 " If you die first, I will not leave your corse
 Unburied." Reckless, bronzed, and proof
 Against all other fear, on this they feel
 With woman's shrinking. Yet 'tis passing strange,
 That the fond ties, which bind the parting soul
 So closely to its shroud of clay, should thus
 Associate with the heavy, damp, cold earth,
 The stifling darkness, and the gnawing worm.

We know too well, pass but a few brief years,
 And ope the covering of our shrouded clay,
 Damp mould, a little greasy earth, and bones,
 A grinning skeleton, would meet the eye,
 The end of this warm motion, and the thrill
 Of joy and pain. 'Tis this abhorrent thought,
 Blending sepulchral images with death,
 That makes us cowards, glues us to our clay ;
 And counsels childish shrinking from the tug
 Of the dread struggle with our final foe.
 Yes ; we must leave the social, evening fire ;

The fondly cherished group, that cheers us home,
 From life's rough conflict; leave the tender wife,
 The love of dear ones, woven and inwrought
 With all the tenderest fibres of the heart,
 For lonely, endless slumbers in the tomb.

Darkness and clouds surround thy righteous throne,
 Eternal King! and thy mysterious steps
 Are o'er the trackless deep. Oh! might I ask
 Why Thou hast stored such fountains, fathomless,
 Of love? why woven countless, thrilling ties
 Of exquisite, and unnamed tenderness
 Within a heart, ordained to break in death?
 For they are such, that I had rather fall
 In the far land of strangers, in an inn,
 And have my dying limbs composed by hands,
 Unheeding the sad task, than mark the look
 Of parting agony, from those I love.
 But, hush complaining heart! In this dark vale
 Thou well mayest grope. On yon eternal hills
 Still gleams the light of hope; and there those ties
 Shall twine again; and from unfailing urns
 Those fountains fill anew with ceaseless love.

That man would richly earn the grateful meed
 Of monumental brass, whose potent spell
 Of honeyed speech, or song could charm away
 The spectral train of phantoms, clustering round
 The thought of death. Thou pitying angel come!
 Religion come! and medicate this ill,
 Which lies, like lead oppressive on the mind;
 And with thy healing hand extract the smart,

And poison from the sting of death. Oh ! come,
 Sweet hope of that high world, where ceaseless song,
 Pure joy, the light of truth, delivered minds,
 All robed in white, and hymning seraphs dwell ;
 And sin, and death are not. 'Tis surely right,
 Patient to wait the appointed time ; nor raise
 With impious hand the sacred veil ; nor rush,
 Uncalled, upon the eternal scene. But still,
 I deem the highest aim of discipline, to be,
 That well we spend the allotted hours, or few,
 Or many ; 'till the summons come ; and then
 Go, fearless, as to sleep. Such I would rear my child ;
 And such the children of my best loved friends,
 To die, when virtue, or when nature called,
 As though they went to the maternal couch,
 For evening rest. The ancients, it may be,
 Thought deep in reference to this end, when they
 Gave not the body to the earth ; but reared,
 With many a rite of tenderness, a form
 Of thrilling words, and tears, a funeral pile
 Combustible ; and on it laid the corse,
 Enwrapped in mystic robe, on which the fire
 Was powerless, wrought for this sad use alone ;
 And woven from the flexile, fibrous threads
 Of blue asbestos, from deep veins of rock.
 Then thrice they circled, sad, around the pile ;
 And said the last farewell. Av'erting then
 The face, they kindled with a blazing torch the pile ;
 And when the purifying flame had passed
 Upon the corse ; When nought remained a prey

To change, corruption, or the loathsome worm,
 Baptized in flame, and tears, they, duteous, poured
 The ashes in an urn. There are, who fondly deem,
 The book of God ordains, that we should give
 The body to the earth ; and interdicts
 All other disposition of the corse
 And were it so, my right hand should forget
 Its cunning, ere one verse of mine should laud
 The funeral urn. The song should rather bear
 Lustration in the flame. The mass of woe,
 Which may not be avoided, is too great,
 To blot one ray of hope from the pale gleams
 Of human joy. The holy book I scan
 Not so ; nor think, that He, who knoweth well
 Our frame, that it is dust, would interfere
 With human sympathies. And there are those,
 Who have the sure and certain hope with me,
 That we shall rise again, and not a hair
 Shall perish in the dust, who would not give
 Their bodies to the flame, and to the urn
 Their ashes, lest they disarrange God's plan,
 Or mar the hope of rising in the same
 Unchanged, and conscious being. Surely they
 Think strangely of that mighty power, which called
 From nought both frame and mind ; or that it were
 An easier task for the all powerful hand,
 To mould anew the ashes of the grave,
 Than bring from forth the beauteous urn a form,
 Fresh, and immortal, as the wintry film
 Swells with the vernal flowers, and gives to air

A gilded insect, fluttering o'er the meads.

Imagination sure might find a charm
In freedom from the loathsome images,
That thicken round the grave, in the pure flame,
Which, passing its lustration o'er the corse,
Leaves ashes incorruptible, beyond
The reach of change. Who would not prefer
These elements, this flesh, so long endeared
By partnership of joy, and pain, dissolved
By flame, should mingle with the ambient air,
Incorporate with the pure breeze, the breath
Of heaven, and come again to earth and life,
And swell once more the teeming powers of spring ?

That was a solemn place, the sacred hearth
Of classic days, o'er which the household gods
Dwelt among urns, all storied o'er with tales
Of great achievements ; and the infant eye
Kindled, as conning the smooth surface o'er,
And learning of its glorious ancestors
Amidst their shades and ashes. Thus they grew,
Greedy of glory, disregarding fear
Of death, and danger, and all fear, but shame.

In the eternal city there are urns, .
Too many to be numbered. Its deep vaults
Are crowded thick with urns. This monument
Of splendor and decay, where victor chiefs
Raised their triumphal shouts, and died ; where bards
Poured strains undying ; where, in conclave high,
Sate thoughtful senates, with the fate :
Of empires on their brow ; where luxury,

And taste, and art raised fair creations, that
Have passed with ages, is itself an urn.

From age to age, defying common forms,
Men have arisen, to renew these rites
Of classic days, regarded by the herd
With shrinking horror. Laurens, such wert thou,
In the tempestuous days, on which thou camest ;
The patriot, legislator, and the sage .
Of those eventful times. When thy pure mind
Left the worn clay, thou gavest that to the flame.

Oh ! 'twere a noble show of heraldry,
These urns of porphyry, in sable range,
That name the kindred dead for ages past ;
And tell their deeds and darings. It would form
The infant mind to tenderness and truth,
To place him in this room, mid the remains
Of all his ancestors ; to spell the tale
Of what they were, and are. 'Twould lay the axe
Deep at the root of pride, and, as the sun
Dispells the murky shadows of the night,
So would these bright, and beauteous, storied urns,
Placed in the gayest hall, beside the range
Of vases, filled with flowers, and in the place
Of mirth, and feasting, and the joy of songs,
Where meets the circle dear of chosen friends,
The abhorrent thoughts, bred in the lonely cave
Of death, pale shade, and skulls, decay, and worms.
Oh ! it would seem, as if we were not cast,
Abhorrent, from our kind ; exiled away
From home, and friends, and all we loved, and prized

On earth. 'Twould be, as if we still remained
Among our friends; the silent witness of the tear
Of memory; still shared the note of joy.

Philosophize, ye sages! treat with scorn
Ye saints! these deep laid instincts, as the dreams
Of childish weakness. I was born, I own,
Of woman; well, I deem, ye feel at heart
With me. Describe the flaming comet's course;
And note in cliffs the music of the spheres.
Divulge the secrets of the upper world;
And that effulgence bear with eagle eye,
Which makes the angels veil their faces; still
One feeble, shrinking, solemn hour will come,
When ye shall own these instincts, too, are yours.

I wandered long and far in that lone world,
Where Mississippi rolls his endless tide;
Midst thousands, rude and shaggy, as the bears
Of their own dark, mephitic, tangled woods.
I found, retired in a lonely vale,
One family, in thought, in discipline,
And manners widely severed from the rest.
They had seen better days; had felt reverse;
And sheltered in these depths of woods a pride,
Without reproach. I sojourned long; and won
Esteem, before I turned my wandering steps away.
'Twas on a Sabbath's eve, when first the spring
New greens the earth; and tender leaves, half formed,
Begin to rustle in the southern breeze,
The air was balmy, bland; and the low sun
In purple splendor broadened in the haze.

They led me to a closed room, the place
 Of prayer, and high festivity, of song,
 And dance. There came the infant to the fount
 Baptismal, to receive, with christian rites,
 And emblems of deliverance from the stain
 Of sin, a name. There came the wedded pair,
 To join their hands. Admittance here was banned,
 But on occasions rare of grief or joy.
 This evening was an era; and 'twas decked
 With flowers, and evergreens; and o'er the hearth
 Were urns. The word of God was read; the voice
 Of prayer was heard. The evening hymn was sung.
 We after talked the flowing heart. I heard the tale
 Of all their toils, and wanderings to this time;
 And many a gay, and festive theme discussed.
 The father on a sudden changed his tone,
 His look, his theme. Attention held me mute.
 You know, he said, how kindly we are viewed
 By those around us; and what inference
 Is drawn from our strange manners. As they pass.
 By night, their locks erect, they swiftly tread;
 And still look back, to see the sheeted ghost
 Stalk on behind them; and because we shun
 Converse with them, undoubting, they infer,
 That by unhallowed meeting with the powers
 Of darkness, amply we supply this want.
 But, let it pass. Perhaps, it is not wise,
 Widely to differ from the common race,
 'Mong which we dwell. Perhaps, the dying sage
 Gave deep, and useful counsel, who enjoined

To sacrifice to Esculapius
 The promised offering of the wonted bird.
 Perhaps the members of no family
 Were ever bound by mutual ties, so strong,
 And tender as the intercourse of ours.
 Repelled by all around, like rays of fire,
 Concentrated by the cold, our glow of love
 Was more intense, conveyed to a point.

But love alas! was powerless, to bar out
 The rude ingress of death. Thrice he hath come,
 And left his dread, unfailing summons here.
 And they, departing, left in dying charge,
 That their remains be gathered in these urns.
 There rest two children's ashes, each endeared
 Beyond all words, to tell. That larger urn
 Contains the ashes of their mother. We
 Come here to pray, and smile; and find, the heart
 Is bettered by the hallowed sojourn.
 A tear still starts behind our chastened smile.
 We look. 'Tis memory's sacred call,
 To double diligence in care, and love
 For those still spared to love. We read, and feel,
 As though they dwelt with us, and shared our joys.
 That holds the ashes of my eldest son.
 A kinder, braver heart ne'er chilled in death.
 We lived beyond the sea in Britain's isle.
 He was a soldier; and he won high fame
 In bloody fields against the veterans
 Of fierce Napoleon. In that dread fray
 Upon the fields of Waterloo, he gained the praise

Of Wellington ; and bought it with a wound,
 Which, slowly cankering, brought him to this urn.
 Our troubles were not single. We lost all
 Our wealth, and hied us from that scornful pride,
 Which takes the form of pity for the poor.
 And, like the wounded deer, we sought a lair
 Far in the wild. O'er the blue wave we came,
 And o'er the lengthened range of western hills.
 And, as the shyer wanderers of the air
 Seek surest shelter in the cedar's top,
 We found our nest in these far distant woods.
 My hero son faced sorrow, and decay
 As he had faced the foe. And while these sons
 Still made the adjoining woods resound with crash
 Of falling trees ; or reared luxuriant fields
 Of waving maize, he calmly pined within.
 The sword, the axe, the plough his trembling hand
 Alike refused. But still as we returned
 From toil, he welcomed us with the sad smile
 Of him, who felt the cheerfulness of all
 The scene ; felt, and was inly fortified, to leave
 The whole ; for he had shaken hands with life.
 By slow degrees his mighty heart gave way ;
 And, uttering words of peace and hope, he died.
 In him the mother's, sister's love so deep
 Was centered, that this single, deadly blow
 Struck with paralysis their bleeding hearts.
 All words were weak, to tell the bitter smart
 We all endured. But by his dying wish
 On a vast pile of wood, by summer's heat

Made dry, we laid him in the soldier garb,
 In which he met his fatal wound, and crossed
 His good sword o'er his breast. We said
 Our forms of prayer. We sung the hymn of wo ;
 And when the sun cast shadows from the trees,
 And early twilight mid the dark brown woods,
 We bore him, mourning, to the funeral pile.
 All weeping stood around. The owl began
 His note lugubrious ; and wolves afar
 Responded their sad dirge from cliff to cliff.
 Mournful, and low, we uttered our farewell.
 I, with averted face, applied the torch ;
 And soon the flame rose high among the trees.
 The trembling birds fled their green nightly haunts.
 Ere noon of night, the flame had sunk away.
 The sacred ashes still remained ; and ere
 They ceased to glow, bedewed with tears, we poured
 Them in the urn. His sister pined, and drooped,
 Our second born. This brother, deeply loved,
 Was basis for her teeming thought, to paint
 The sweet day dreams of youth ; and when he died,
 Rudely awakened, all her visions fled.
 All earth was vacant. Beauteous though she was,
 As day ; and young ; and with a piercing eye,
 To view this fair world in its rainbow hues
 Of youth's illusive promise ; smiles ne'er came
 O'er her fair brow. Consumption rioted
 Deep in her throbbing bosom ; though a rose
 Still marked its blushing circle in each cheek.
 And oft she pressed, as mothers do the babe,

Close to her hëctic breast her brother's urn ;
 And, fondly moaning out his name, she died.
 'Twas when the yellow, sear, and dropping leaf
 Of autumn plashes in the stream ; and mid
 The roar of mustering winds, and storms, we laid
 The faded flower on the high funeral pile,
 And in that urn are her remains. It reads
 Alone, that she was loved, unhappy, good,
 And fair. Bright intellectual gleams of thought,
 Aspirings high, and holy, after worth ;
 An angel's tenderness and truth of heart,
 And honied converse dropping, as the dew ;
 All these, with her pure spirit fled, have left
 No record, but the tablet of our hearts,
 And the enduring page, reserved above
 For final audit. Her sad mother mourned
 Awhile, with broken heart ; her wildered thought
 Still holding converse with the cherished shades ;
 And fondly deeming, that they wandered near,
 Still beckoning her away. She passed in grief ;
 And in this urn is all of that kind breast,
 On which my aching temples have been laid
 So oft. Beloved children ! mother dear !
 Wife of my youth ! Oh, will you ne'er return,
 And cheer my lonely steps along the track
 Of the brief sojourn, that remains ? Till then,
 At stated times, we gather here to pray ;
 And from the depths I cry for needed strength,
 To wait in patience all the appointed hours,
 Till my change come ; and on these urns I pour

My tears. I need not wander to the place
 Of graves; to bow my head upon the earth.
 I grasp these urns. They thrill the deepest string
 Within. This urn is empty. It will soon enclose
 My cares, and sorrows. Earth has not for me,
 But calls of duty, and of discipline.
 I fondly clasp, alternate, to my breast
 The dear ones, that remain, and these cold urns.

NOTE TO SOROTAPHION.

Sorotaphion, a compound Greek term, equivalent to inurnation. I hope the reader will pardon me a stratagem, which has for object, to induce the thoughtless, and the gay to read me, by the adoption of a hard, and uncommon name. I know of no poem in any language, which has woven the ample materials, which this subject of universal and thrilling interest affords, into a regular and sustained theme.' It will be seen, that I have but just glanced upon them; and have rather thrown together a few heads for subjects, than carried them through in their details. For the brief, rapid, and imperfect manner, in which I have treated it, my many avocations may furnish some apology. I know no subject, which presents such a wide field for the deepest and most, impressive strains of the muse of grief. I shall hardly be so far misinterpreted, as to be supposed capable of the presumption, of coming out, the avowed advocate of inurnation. All that is here said, will, of course, have the

indulgence of the poet's licence. Nevertheless, it is my deliberate conviction, that fewer images of horror, and fear, and loathing would be associated with inurnation, than inhumation, so that the former had been consecrated by the rites of religion, and sanctioned by general adoption.

IL CONTENTO.

The form of the stanza, and the structure of the verse in the following piece, may, perhaps, incline the reader, to think, that I have been making too free with the L' Allegro of Milton.

I will hope, that such a prepossession will not prevent my being read. There is no farther imitation, than that of the measure and structure. It was as little my intention to copy, as it was my presumption to hope, to rival that imitable production.

IL CONTENTO.

Hence, Ambition ; round this brow,
Ne'er shall thy blood encrimsoned laurels twine ;
Nor e'er at thy dark shrine,
Shall purer, holier passions learn to bow ;
Go, and with Power to nurse thy giant birth,
At the far bourne of earth,
Thy purple banner spread ;
And weep, to find old Ocean's dark blue zone,
Across thy pathway thrown ;
Or, when thy subject millions round thee throng,
To think that host ere long,
Must mingle with the congregated dead.
But come thou nymph, with tranquil mien,
With placid eye, and front serene,
Who, though of celestial birth,
Wanderest on this nether earth,
On some angel-mission sent ;
Mortals call thee soft Content,
But in Heaven, thy native seat,
Young-eyed seraphs hymning sweet,
Welcome thee, from worlds like this,
Welcome, and proclaim thee Bliss.
Come, and with thee bring along,
All thy joyous sister throng,
Hope, with eyes divinely bright,

And Innocence, all robed in white ;
 And bid Love sport his rosy chain,
 With all the graces, in thy train,
 'Till Hymen, with a smile advance,
 And join the merry footed dance.
 Dost thou dwell in humble cot,
 Palace-hall or mountain grot,
 I will seek the hallowed spot ;
 Or, if thou art wont to rove,
 I will seek thee in the grove,
 When along its alleys dun,
 Yellow gleams the setting sun,
 From o'er the distant tower crowned hill ;
 And the breathless air is still,
 Save, that while the moarning dove
 Plaintive sings her widowed love ;
 Echo from her mountain cell
 Sweetly tunes her airy shell ;
 And in soft responsive song,
 Melting, as it floats along,
 Breathes such strains, as well might vie
 With the seraph minstrelsy.
 Thou shalt guide me, gentle Power,
 Though thou haunt the silent bower,
 Where no prying feet intrude,
 On the virgin Solitude.
 When the shepherd's folding star,
 Is glimmering faintly from afar,
 And the clouds in sunset lie,
 Embroidering all the western sky,

Thou shalt lead my wayward feet,
 To some wild, and lonely seat,
 Where dwells the coy, and pensive maid
 All curtained round with sombre shade ;
 Not such, as when in robes of gloom,
 She sits beside the mouldering tomb
 In the long deserted hall,
 Or beside the ivied wall,
 Where, by envious Ruin strown,
 Nodding turrets overthrown
 Are in mournful honour spread
 Round the dwellings of the dead ;
 But in maiden charms arrayed,
 Chastened smiles and graces staid,
 Such, as woo the hoary sage,
 Smoothing down the front of age ;
 Such, as wrinkled Care beguile,
 'Till he almost seems to smile.
 When brown Autumn treads the plain,
 Leading Plenty in his train,
 To yon grotto arching wide,
 In the mountain's hollow side,
 Hermit-like, I will repair,
 Wooing thee, and nature there.
 There I'll feast me with the vision
 Of a thousand scenes elysian ;
 Sloping woods, that downward spread,
 Spotted with autumnal red ;
 'Till the mountain forest yields,
 To the smooth and cultured fields ;

Cots, that peep from out their coves,
Edging all the mountain groves ;
Skirts of clouds, whose passing shadows
Sail across the distant meadows ;
Scattered flocks and herds, that feed,
Dotting every sunny mead ;
While at ease their shepherds laid,
From beneath each grateful shade.
Responsive chant, in simple strains,
The praise of their paternal plains.
As my eye with kindling glances
Still from scene to scene advances,
Onward still the plain extends,
Where the yellow harvest, bends,
To the light and buoyant tread
Of the zephyr o'er its head,
And a thousand meadows lie,
Seeming to the ravished eye,
Distant isles of living green
With a golden flood between.
Onward still, untired, it roves
To yon soft, meandering groves,
Through whose aisles the gleaming tide,
Like burnished silver seems to glide ;
Now emerging, now unseen,
Lost in circumambient green ;
Where the half seen, snow-white sail,
As it moves before the gale,
Lifts its pennon to the breeze,
High above the envious tress ;

Still beyond the landscape lies,
 Tented o'er with smiling skies ;
 But its hues, too feeble grown,
 Are drest in azure, not their own ;
 Which deepens, till the baffled view
 Is lost, amid the circling blue.
 When cities woo the rich and great,
 With revels, masks, and many a fete,
 To mock at Winter's icy crown,
 And sport, regardless of his frown,
 Well pleased I turn from festive hall,
 Carousal high, or merry ball,
 With thee to haunt the humble cot,
 Whose inmate shares a happier lot,
 Than all the noisy sons of mirth ;
 When, heaped upon the wintry hearth,
 The crackling faggot brightly burns,
 And swift her wheel, the housewife turns ;
 While, in their nook the children play,
 And goodman tells, how went the day,
 As, just returned from neighbouring fair,
 With store of clothes and bonny ware,
 He sups, still pausing oft between,
 To tell, what he had heard and seen ;
 And with what care his things were sought,
 And almost at half prices bought ;
 Till evening past, sleep seals each eye,
 And tempests sing their lullaby.
 Turn we then, to dwell with those,
 Who in honoured age repose,

When yielding up with willing hand
 The symbol of their high command,
 They, like the Roman, find a charm,
 In their own paternal farm,
 Where, by grateful millions blest,
 From their hallowed toils they rest,
 And serenely pass away
 The evening of a glorious day.
 And still, when Joy, with dimple sleek,
 And Grief, with wan and sunken cheek,
 Alike to sweet oblivion yield ;
 When Sleep each other eye had sealed,
 Let mine, untired, high converse hold
 With every sage, that taught of old ;
 And every bard, that sang sublime,
 The legends of the olden time ;
 Or search the page in later years
 Of him who tracked the rolling spheres ;
 Or him whose lyre's expiring sound
 Reechoes yet the nations round.
 And, when earth's fleeting visions fade,
 And on my parting pillow laid,
 The last life pulse, with feeble throes,
 Slower still, and fainter flows ;
 Be thou nigh, to cheer my soul,
 And, pointing Virtue's radiant goal ;
 Bid it rise, and soar away,
 To regions of eternal day.
 If such joys thou canst provide,
 Come, Content ; and be my guide.

LINES ON THE MOUNDS OF CAHOKIA.

The sun's last rays were fading from the west,
 The deepening shades stole slowly o'er the plain,
 The evening breeze had lulled itself to rest ;
 And all was silent ; save the mournful strain,
 With which the widowed turtle wooed in vain
 Her absent lover to her lonely nest.

Now, one by one, emerging to the sight,
 The brighter stars assumed their seats on high.
 The moon's pale crescent glowed serenely bright ;
 As the last twilight fled along the sky.
 And all her train, in cloudless majesty
 Were glittering on the dark, blue vault of night.

I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound ;
 And gazed, enraptured, on the lovely scene.
 From the dark summit of an Indian mound
 I saw the plain, outspread in softened green,
 Its fringe of hoary cliffs, by moonlight sheen,
 And the dark line of forest, sweeping round.

I saw the lesser mounds, which round me rose.
 Each was a giant mass of slumbering clay.
 There slept the warriors, women, friends, and foes.
 There, side by side, the rival chieftains lay ;

And mighty tribes, swept from the face of day,
Forgot their wars, and found a long repose.

Ye mouldering relics of departed years !
Your names have perished ; not a trace remains ;
Save, where the grass-grown mound its summit rears,
From the green bosom of your native plains.
Say ! do your spirits wear oblivion's chains ? -
Did Death forever quench your hopes and fears ?

Or live they, shrined in some congenial form ?
What, if the swan, who leaves her summer nest
Among the northern lakes, and mounts the storm,
To wing her rapid flight to climes more blest
Should hover o'er the very spot, where rest
The crumbling bones, once with her spirit warm.

What, if the song, so soft, so sweet, so clear,
Whose music fell so gently from on high,
In tones aerial, thrilling my rapt ear ;
Though not a speck was on the cloudless sky,
Were their own soft, funereal melody,
While lingering o'er the scenes, that once were dear.

Or did those fairy hopes of future bliss,
Which simple nature to your bosoms gave,
Find other worlds, with fairer skies than this,
Beyond the gloomy portals of the grave,
In whose bright bowers the virtuous, and the brave
Rest from their toils, and all their cares dismiss ?

Where the great hunter still pursues the chase ;
 And o'er the sunny mountains tracks the deer ;
 Or finds again each long extinguished race ;
 And sees once more the mighty mammoth rear
 The giant form, which lies embedded here,
 Of other years the sole remaining trace.

Or, it may be, that still ye linger near
 The sleeping ashes, once your dearest pride ;
 And, could your forms to mortal eye appear,
 Could the dark veil of death be thrown aside ;
 Then might I see your restless shadows glide
 With watchful care, around these relics dear.

If so, forgive the rude, unhallowed feet,
 Which trode so thoughtless o'er your mighty dead.
 I would not thus profane their lone retreat ;
 Nor trample, where the sleeping warriors head
 Lay pillowed on its everlasting bed,
 Age after age, still sunk in slumbers sweet.

Farewell ; and may you still in peace repose.
 Still o'er you may the flowers, untrodden, bloom.
 And gently wave to every wind, that blows,
 Breathing their fragrance o'er each lonely tomb,
 Where, earthward mouldering, in the same dark
 womb,
 Ye mingle with the dust, from whence ye rose.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

On the shore as they stood, all unharmed from the
flood,
The glad thousands of Israel exalted the Lord;
And their loud joyous cry, as it rose to the sky,
Sang the power of his might, whom they feared, and
adored.

It was heard o'er the roar of the waves on the shore,
O'er the cry of the warriors, who sank in the deep;
For the Lord in his wrath, whelmed the sea on their
path,
And the proud host of Egypt fell forever asleep;

While the winds sang their dirge, by the white foam-
ing surge,
Their chariots and horsemen were dashed to the
shore;
But the sea wildly swept o'er the thousands, that slept
In its dark heaving breast, and were heard of no more.

And that sea's oozy bed, was thick strewn with the
dead,
And their armour and spears all around them were
spread,

And the sea-flags, that played; o'er the spot where
they laid,
Dark, and silently bent over each helmed head.

When the winds ceased to rave, o'er the storm-beaten
wave,
And its bosom, unruffled, reflected the sun,
From the sea skirted plain, rose the loud joyous
strain,
Sing the might of our God, and the works he hath
done.

"DULCES MORIENS REMINISCITUR ARGOS."

When the cold hand of death shall lay chill on my
heart,

When this earth and its joys, like a vision shall flee,
My last thought will turn, ere my spirit depart,
Sweet land of my fathers, to thee.

My bones in the land of the stranger may rest ;
But my spirit, if once 'twere unfettered, and free,
Would spring from a grave in the wilds of the west,
Sweet land of my fathers, to thee ;

O'er thy sea-beaten cliffs unshrouded to roam,
And gaze on the flag of the brave and the free,
As swiftly it hies through its pathway of foam,
Sweet land of my fathers, to thee ;

With Echo to sit on the van of the hill,
And list to the reapers glad song from the lea ;
'Till harvest crowned Plenty her horn cease to fill,
Sweet land of my fathers, for thee ;

Round the hearth, where the days of my childhood
were spent,
To rove, till remembrance return them to me,
As bright as they seemed, ere an alien I went,
Sweet land of my fathers, from thee.

SUNSET.

The weary sun has set
In the ocean's purple breast ;
Though his beam of glory yet
Gilds yon snowy mountain's crest ;
And the crimson-skirted clouds,
Festooning all the west,
Are the canopy, that shrouds
The sleeping monarch's rest,

MIDNIGHT.

The silent moon rides high,
And the gently heaving wave,
Glitters brightly on the eye,
And in silver seems to lave,
On yon distant moonlight shore,
The isles, that slumbering lie ;
And the cliffs arising hoar
Like a fringe round the sky.

SUNRISE.

The early huntsman's horn
Sweetly sounds o'er hill and dale,
And the zephyr, newly born
Gently whispers down the vale ;
While the lark his prelude sings,
From the white emblossomed thorn,
And the sun, exulting, springs
From the threshold of morn.

The following verses were written when the author's father was absent in New England for the recovery of his health. They were addressed to a lady who was departing on a visit to her friends in Tennessee with the same object :

TO * * * * *

Oh 'tis no mimic sorrow,
Which now bids my bosom swell ;
Nor shall I on the morrow
Cease to think of this farewell.
We part perhaps forever ;
Yet, within this grateful breast,
To be forgotten never,
All your kindness is imprest.
And, in this land of strangers,
When my prayers to God arise,
That he would ward all dangers
From the friends, I love and prize ;
When I implore his blessing
On an absent father's head,
That, health and hope possessing,
He may yet return to spread
A smile of joy and gladness
O'er an anxious mother's brow,
And chase the look of sadness,
Which is there imprinted now ;
His name shall not be single,
For the friend, so true and kind,
Still in my prayers shall mingle,

Nor be absent from my mind.
 The grateful thanks, I proffer,
 Can but feebly paint my heart ;
 Though all I have to offer
 To that friend, ere she depart.
 Yes, every hour I've known thee,
 Some new virtue hath displayed ;
 And time hath only shown thee
 In a brighter garb arrayed.
 Oh think not, that 'twas blindness,
 Which forbade our thanks before.
 We saw, and felt thy kindness,
 And we blessed thee o'er and o'er.
 When all thy friends surround thee,
 And the scenes of youth are spread
 Once more in view around thee,
 (Though their brightness may have fled)
 When memory crowns each feeling,
 Like a fondly treasured dream,
 And time from thee is stealing,
 Like the silent flowing stream,
 Will not a thought intrusive,
 Turn to those with kind regret,
 Who, though it prove delusive,
 Still will hope, thou'lt not forget
 Those days, so fair, though fleeting,
 O'er which peace its sunshine cast,
 Who will hope a joyous meeting,
 When our sultry months are past ?
 Should I be doomed to languish,

To disease a helpless prey,
 And pay the debt of anguish,
 Ere those months have rolled away,
 My latest recollection
 Still shall class thee with the friends,
 For whom my fond affection
 With my being only ends.
 Oh! may that powerful being,
 Who this universe still wields,
 And yet, whose eye all-seeing
 Even the helpless sparrow shields,
 Oh! may his arm be o'er thee!
 And his smile upon thy way.
 May pleasures dance before thee;
 And each sorrow flit away.

LINES ON THE BATTLE OF N. ORLEANS

At morn outstretched in proud array,
 The bannered host of Albion lay,
 Fresh from Iberia's bloody fray,
 And flushed with constant victory.

On that dark line their columns prest,
 Where, pouring from their native West,
 Silent and firm, stand breast to breast,
 The forest sons of Liberty.

The smoke of battle shreds yon plain,
 Its surface teems with foemen slain,

And trampled thick, shows many a stain,
In life-blood printed fearfully.

No more is heard the mother's wail,
The wife no more stands mute and pale,
For, borne along the evening gale,
Loud swells the cry of victory.

The star-striped banner proudly waves.
The plain is trenched with British graves.
Columbia's sons from foreign slaves
Have won a glorious victory.

Fair Orleans, can'st thou e'er forget
To whom thou owest the grateful debt ?
Who made that sun in glory set,
Which rose so dark and fearfully ?

Then to that hero hymn your praise ;
May honours crown his lengthened days !
His setting sun still brighter blaze !
His fame find immortality !

Let Eastern tyrants dream again,
For Western worlds to forge the chain ;
And waft their minions o'er the main,
To quench the light of Liberty.

Time shall roll back his onward course.
Yon stream, reflowing seek its source ;

Ere, manacled by fraud or force,
Shall bend their necks the brave and free.

Roll on forever, thou broad wave !
The hundred shores, thy waters lave,
Still rear the happy free and brave,
Still be the home of liberty.

THE LAST DAY.

The last sun arose, as fair and as bright,
 As when first he sprang forth on his mission of light ;
 And he smiled on the millions of earth, as he past,
 With a brightness, unshorn of its beam to the last.

At his glance, as the mist from the broad valley curled,
 Where two mighty empires their banners unfurled,
 All glistening with dews lay the green battle plain ;
 But, ere noon, it was drenched in the blood of the slain,

And he saw, as he past from the field of that strife,
 The thousand towered city, all teeming with life ;
 When an earthquake o'erwhelmed it, and left not a
 trace,
 Save the dark sluggish waters, that slept in its place.

Here the harvests were waving in billows of gold ;
 And rivers by hamlets continuous rolled ;
 There the smooth sandy desert in boundlessness
 spread,
 And seemed with its ruins a realm of the dead.

And he saw the huge pyramid, giant-like stand
 O'er the ruins of ages, that slept in the sand ;
 From the wastes of the desert still towering sublime,
 Like a relick of empires, a landmark of time.

And the swift-winged vessel he marked, as it flew
 With the foam in its path, o'er the wide spreading
 blue ;

"Till caught by a gust, ere a sail could shiver,
 It sank in the bosom of Ocean forever.

And he saw the proud navy triumphantly ride,
 With its gay streaming pennons and banner of pride ;
 For a foe had been met on the far distant wave ;
 And his thousands now slept in a mariner's grave.

And he smiled through the iron grated window once
 more,

On the wretch, that was chained to the damp dungeon
 floor ;

And again were his morning beams softened to shade
 Round the purple strown couch, where the monarch
 was laid.

Thus onward he journeyed from clime to clime,
 While Night on his pathway came rolling sublime.
 Her banner of darkness before her was spread ;
 And the sleep in her path was the sleep of the dead.

For the angel of death swept the earth in her train,
 And Chaos came forth o'er his ancient domain.
 And the planets and stars were extinguished on
 high ;
 And the moon disappeared from the midst of the
 sky.

And that last sun grewdim o'er the verge of the West,
 Ere he sank in its bosom forever to rest.
 His last rays were lost in the deepening gloom.
 And the spirit of darkness rejoiced o'er his tomb.

A little below our village of Alexandria, there is a charming promenade, along the Banks of the River, through an open grove, free from underbrush, and under a shade of beautiful oaks, gum-trees, and acacias. This walk is rendered more impressive by a solitary grave, neatly encircled with a plain paling, but a few paces from the bank ; and under the shade of oak, and gum-trees. Here rest the remains of an interesting young man, who deceased, a quarter of a mile below this place. During his long, and gradual decline, he used to drag his weary steps to this shade, and, reposing himself beneath it, look upon the calm rolling stream. Under these shades, where he used to rest himself, he noted with his own hand the place where he wished to be interred. It is, also, my favourite haunt, and, standing one evening beside his grave, my imagination suggested the following lines as an appropriate epitaph.

Stranger, who bendest down this crimson wave ;
 Or wanderest from the noisy town, to woo
 Repose, and nature in this verdant wood ;
 Pause thee, to cool thy throbbing temples here,
 And ponder o'er my place of rest. Time was,
 When life's illusions clustered round my thoughts ;

And dreams of love, and honour, wealth, and fame
 By Hope were traced in bright, prospective hues.
 But early clouds rose on my dawn. My weary steps
 Oft brought me to this deep, cool shade ; and here
 I laid me by the rippling stream, beneath
 These beauteous trees ; and saw the boatmen pass ;
 And heard the feverish bustle of the town
 Die on my ear. The sultry hours of noon
 Were spent, in learning how to die ; and think,
 When I should rest, the stream would still
 Roll on. The red-bird swell its little throat.
 Yon joyous tenants press the wine-cup still ;
 And all be, as before. I marked this spot,
 Close by the wave, beneath these rustling trees.
 My throbbing bosom here grew still. And here,
 In hope of welcome to a happier home,
 Without regret, I learned to say, farewell
 To this gay world, and all its painted joys.
 The shade, that cooled my wasting frame
 Alive, and soothed, and lulled me to the sleep
 Of death, shall still wave o'er my grave.
 And mayest thou, stranger, meditative, pass.
 Learn in thy turn to die, and find at last
 As deep repose ; as sweet a place of rest.

AN AFTER DINNER ECLOGUE.

PETTYFOG. DANDICULE. PUSHWELL,

PETTYFOG.

The plates removed, three full decanters stand,
 With rival wines, each from a foreign land ;
 And taper glasses wait at each right hand.
 Meanwhile, my friends, two fine accomplished beaux,
 Alternate song with mutual fires propose.

DANDICULE.

Let Pettyfog decide ; for he has read,
 What lawyers, judges, and reporters said ;
 And all law's winding labyrinths he knows ;
 When law have these ; when equity have those ;
 And when the frightened client will agree,
 To prop his cause by paying double fee.
 And still, to give our wits a keener edge,
 The victor bard shall win a forfeit pledge.
 Be mine this massy watch, and chain of gold,
 By Paxton made, and scarcely six months old ;
 With curious art contrived the time to tell,
 In silver sounds, from tinkling, tiny bell ;
 And still so true, that by it Cleanwatch found,
 The lazy earth too slow in turning round.

PUSHWELL.

Though my keen wit needs not a whetted edge,
 I meet the challenge, and accept the pledge.
 Be mine this quizzing glass, by Clelia worn,
 And from her breast by this rash right hand torn ;
 When late I strove, to snatch a forfeit kiss ;
 While she, with covering hands, still barred my bliss ;
 'Till, struggling free, she fled, and left me this.
 Its power, to aid the curious gazer's eye,
 And bring one's nearest neighbour still more nigh ;
 With easy, graseful, astronomic stare,
 To lend a charm to e'en the fairest fair ;
 Its golden chasing, set around with pearl,
 And wrought with her own cypher's turning curl ;
 Its massy chain, which, but the other day,
 An ample pawn for thirty guineas lay ;
 All these in this their mingling worth combine ;
 And make, at least, an answering pledge to thine.

DANDICULE.

Modern bards, like bards of old,
 Still confess the power of gold ;
 Still 'tis Hymen's brightest charm ;
 Still it points the warrior's arm.
 Still the senseless, and the sage,
 Men of every clime, and age,
 Blushing maids, and hoydens bold,
 Yield alike the palm to Gold.

PUSHWELL.

Gold, 'tis true, was once the rage ;
 But, 'twas in a golden age.
 Brass is all the fashion now ;
 For 'twill shine on any brow.
 Brass will hide the silly red,
 O'er the conscious forehead spread ;
 Brass will every stain disguise.
 'Tis by brass that great men rise.
 And each dull, conceited ass
 Seeks, nor needs a better pass,
 Than a sturdy front of brass.

DANDICULE.

See, at Miser Griptight's gate,
 How the coach-borne gentles wait.
 See, as you will see to-morrow,
 When you go yourself, to borrow,
 How they'll bow, and fawn, and cringe ;
 'Till on rusty creaking hinge,
 Opes again the iron chest,
 Where his hoarded treasures rest.
 See their eyes, like gamester's, glower,
 Till the prize is in their power ;
 Then their proud, majestic gait,
 Fearless look, and brow elate ;
 And own, that honor, place, and fame,
 And all the homage, great ones claim,
 Like their vote, is bought, and sold
 With old Miser Griptight's Gold.

PUSHWELL

Hear the brainless demagogue
 From a stump, or rotten log,
 On the next election day,
 Like another jackass, bray.
 See the gaping, idiot crowd,
 (While the numskull, bawling loud,
 Up and down the gamut goes,
 Like a man with stopt-up nose,)
 Thickly clustering, round him hang,
 Charmed by his nasal twang,
 As, 'tis said in days of yore,
 Wiser brutes did once before ;
 When with the trees they ran to admire
 The music of the Orphean Lyre.
 See him next, profoundly great,
 Seated at the helm of state ;
 Where his empty, brazen air,
 Goes for genius, thought, and care.
 Hear him, lauded to the skies,
 As the great, the good, the wise.
 And own, that nothing can surpass
 The innate strength of native brass.

DANDICULE.

See the poor, industrious man,
 Who, though under fortune's ban,
 Still preserves a stainless mind.
 See him, shunned of all his kind,
 Just, as though they feared to catch

Want contagious, of the wretch.
 While the man of wealth and crime
 Hears their flattery's cuckoo chime.
 Though his hand, unshrinking, tore
 The poor orphan's little store.
 Though, to swell his useless heaps,
 Many a houseless widow weeps.
 See all this; and you must own,
 That, to reach Distinction's throne,
 Golden keys the path unbar;
 That her easiest, swiftest car
 Up and down the world is rolled,
 On little truckle wheels of Gold.

PUSHWELL.

See, how modest merit lies,
 All unmarked by common eyes;
 Like the rich gem of the mine,
 Thrown before the stupid swine.
 See the mind, whose giant grasp
 Might the weal of empires clasp
 Strive to rise by worth, in vain;
 While some fool, with shallow brain,
 Mount the car, and takes the rein.
 See all this, and then confess,
 That, in this age of brazenness,
 Worth itself, ere it can pass,
 Must be plated o'er with brass.

DANDICULE.

See Miss Dumbey, come from school;
 Just a little simpering fool;

Who knows not what to say, or do ;
 Or, if the sky be red, or blue ;
 Yet, whose negroes and plantation,
 Stand in stead of animation.
 See the young men, making at her ;
 See them bowing ; hear them flatter ;
 Praise her eyes, her ears, her nose,
 Knuckles, fingers, thumbs, and toes.
 Sighing at each several feature.
 Oh ! the little, heavenly creature.
 See the little ninny caught.
 See her worthless husband bought.
 See all this, and own at once,
 That wits, and sages, fop, and dunce,
 Like market pigs are bought, and sold,
 For a paltry sum of gold.

PUSHWELL.

See Miss Brazen, who cant bear,
 Covered breasts, and shading hair.
 See her, with unshrinking glance,
 Staring round her in the dance ;
 Though, for comfort, and for ease,
 And to catch the cooling breeze,
 She has doffed her useless dress,
 Like poor Truth, to nakedness.
 See her favours proudly sported ;
 See her sought, caressed, and courted ;
 Just because she will, and can
 Stare down any mortal man.

See all this, and learn, what bait
 Surest catches small and great.
 See all this ; and vanquished, own
 That 'tis brass, and brass alone.

DANDICULE.

Gold has made me what, I am.
 All the rest is but a flam.
 The same voters, who support me ;
 The same friends, who puff, and court me ;
 Do, what they had never done,
 Had I been a poor man's son.
 But my good old father, knowing,
 How the time, and tides were going.
 Gathered up, and left me clear,
 Forty thousand every year.
 And now, though my ideas flow
 As I confess, somewhat too slow,
 No one calls me dall, or heavy.
 Still I lead the brightest bevy ;
 Still am called through all the city,
 Easy, learned, and brave and witty,
 Which is just as good to me,
 As though it were reality.
 Cease then ; cease thy impious song.
 Own that thou wert in the wrong,
 Thus to brave a power divine.
 And, for penance at her shrine,
 Still with pious care attend,

Some rich, strapping better half,
Making thee a golden calf.

PUSHWELL.

But for brass, what had I been ?
And what a thousand other men ?
Plain, honest fools, condemned to toil,
And earn our living from the soil.
But, thanks to my old mother's care,
I never earned a mouthful there
Warned by a strange, mysterious dream,
She sought a certain western stream,
Whose waters, like the stygian wave,
Confer a charm on all, who lave ;
A brazen charm, from which Truth's lance,
And Shame's keen arrows harmless glance.
There, where mothers souse their billies,
As the Greek one did Achilles,
Mine soused me, all, but the heel ;
The only place, where I can feel
One lingering spot of diffidence ;
And I have been at some expense,
With brass heeled boots stout, firm, and stable,
Still to be invulnerable.
Cease then ; cease thy song to wage,
'Gainst the genius of the age.
And oh ! thou brazen deity,
Still propitious be to me.
I ask thee not for worth, or sense.
Grant me only impudence,

Grant me that unfailing pass,
A shame-proof mail of sturdy brass.

PETTIFOG.

Enough ; enough. I know not which to praise.
You sing as much alike, as two blue jays.
And Phoebus' self, were he to judge the strain,
Would find e'en his discrimination vain.
Let each take back his pledge, and, like twin-brother,
Present a pewter medal to the other.

FINIS.



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This Book is Due

